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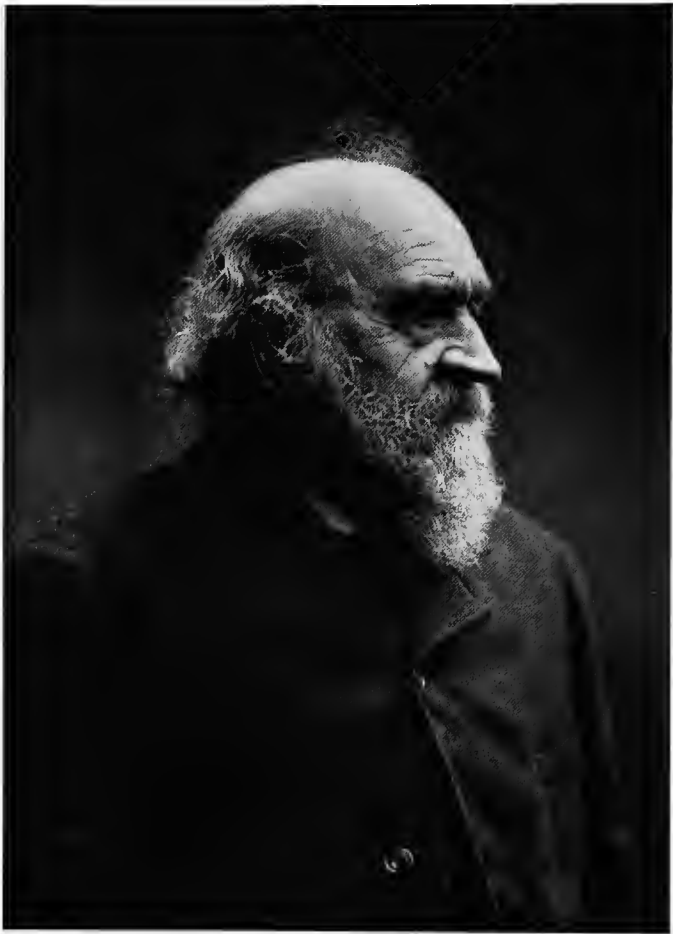
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# ART IN BUFFALO

BY

LARS GUSTAF SELLSTEDT



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THE MATTHEWS-NORTHRUP WORKS  
BUFFALO

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## PROLOGUE

IF the following pages have any historic value, or are found to be of any interest to the lovers of art or to the general public, thanks are due to Mr. James N. Johnston, a friend of all the Muses, without whose encouraging importunity they probably never would have been written. True it is, that the writer has long had it in mind to leave behind him some kind of record of his familiarity with Buffalo's early art and artists; but, owing to his more urgent duties, the inception has been allowed to remain in abeyance until the "more convenient season," a time which seldom comes. No one is more painfully aware of the imperfection of the work than the writer. The principal purpose was to keep in vivid memory things concerning the early art of the city which now are fast fading into utter oblivion; but the subject "grew by what it fed upon," and what was first intended to be only data for the future historian, increased till it embraced a general review of Buffalo's art up to the present day, as far as the writer's memory (in want of early authorities, if any existed) could assist him.

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In recording the facts concerning the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy, the author has been greatly assisted by Mr. Chapin's earlier work, "The History of Buffalo Fine Arts Academy," and especially by Mrs. Sellstedt's scrap-book, in which nearly all published matter concerning the institution was preserved.

## INTRODUCTORY

ALTHOUGH the development of the love of the fine arts and their culture as a refining element in a city devoted to commerce, but with lofty aspirations, is the writer's main purpose, justice to the subject would seem to require a glance at the material circumstances and at the actors that made possible the city's evolution from ordinary and commonplace nature to umbrageous streets, noble edifices filled with articles of vertu, and choice intellectual and artistic products redolent of an atmosphere of elegance and refinement, and which also gave to the city its magnificent parks with their crowning glory—the Albright Art Gallery—where the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy, after many changes and vicissitudes, has at last found a permanent home.

Surely, it were fitting that Joseph Warren and William Dorsheimer, in bronze or marble, should from some prominent point look down upon the fruits of their prophetic imagination.

The projectors of such daring æsthetical innovations did not get their ideas into a concrete form without much opposition; they did

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not belong to the wealthy class of our citizens, but they were foresighted men of culture and high ideals whose prominence and social influence was always to be reckoned with. Some, whose chief aim was the gratification of their physical nature or of adding dollar to dollar, looked on the scheme as an unnecessary tax-increaser; one of their wealthy friends even remarking, when the subject was talked of in his presence, that they lay awake nights to find out how to spend other people's money. In the meantime a great landscape architect, the wizard Olmsted, was invited to look over the ground, with the result that the swaley swamp through which the sluggish Conjokety Creek meandered was converted into a glorious landscape with a beautiful lake, environed by arboreal and horticultural wealth, to the delight of all, both young and old, of this and future generations.

## I

UNTIL the beginning of the second decade of city life, Buffalo was as void of reliable annals of its art as the cliff-dwellers of Arizona of those of their origin. All that is known is that at an early day it contained four portrait-painters, and that a goodly number of its citizens were willing and able to pay the price of a stunted immortality in oil. Were it not for the remaining fruits of those artists' skill, and that their names are embalmed in the sporadically published directories of the time, the historian of Buffalo's art would be at his wits' end in searching for material.

According to the *New York Gazetteer*, published in Albany in 1842, the census of 1840 gave Buffalo a population of 18,313, while that of New York City and county was 312,710.

When the size and age of the city is taken into account, it will be seen that portrait-painters, at least, had small cause to complain of want of patronage, since in a place of less than 20,000 inhabitants four resident artists, and doubtless others of whom no record is left, could find profitable employment. The numerous

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portraits of our early settlers, still to be seen on the walls of their descendants or relegated to the portrait gallery of the Historical Society, are here in evidence.

Indeed, there was little else but portrait work to keep an artist from starving outside of the older cities on the seaboard; landscape painting was at a low ebb everywhere. It was later revived by Mr. Thomas Cole, an English painter, whose headquarters must have been in Albany when he painted those two remarkable series of poetic landscapes which have gained national reputation: "The Course of Empires," and "The Voyage of Life," later the property of the New York Historical Society. He also painted from nature scenes on the Hudson River. That he must have been sincerely devoted to his art the following anecdote proves; the late Mr. Frederik Church, his distinguished pupil, being authority for it. They were in a boat on the Hudson for the double purpose of studying and fishing, both having their painting materials with them. While thus occupied, their fishing lines were left out with only moderate success. While Mr. Cole was absorbed in the study of a fine sunset, his witty pupil, naturally prone to



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joking, drew in his master's line and affixed a dead fish to the hook, having first painted it with the bright colors on his palette, then he put it back into the water. Soon after he exclaimed, "Mr. Cole, I think there is a fish on your hook." The old artist at once began to pull in and seemed quite excited at his catch, but taking it up to unhook he noticed the strange coloring, "Dear me," he said, "this must be a new species of fish for I never saw the like before." Just then, looking at his hands and finding them smeared with paint, he dropped the fish and without a word quietly returned to his study.

Besides scenes from the Hudson, other points farther west seem to have been attractions for his brush, for he also made a painting of the Genesee Falls near Glen Iris, that spot of beauty now belonging to the State through the princely generosity of our former president of the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy, the Hon. William P. Letchworth, who, besides his other altruistic labors, had found time to be of so great assistance in the development of art in our city.

The better class of the early Buffalonians

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were mostly from New England or other of the older Eastern States, a moral, church-going people of general intelligence and culture; in matters of art, those who were not ignorant were conservative, adhering to the ideas of their forefathers that the fine arts were luxuries that might easily be dispensed with—at least “till a more convenient season.” Nevertheless, they brought from their Eastern homes, besides their kitchen utensils, furniture, and penates, their parlor ornaments as well. Thus it came to pass that occasionally meritorious works of art were to be found in their houses. The writer even remembers to have seen a fine portrait by the celebrated Gilbert Stúart in a sailor boarding-house, of the landlord, one Captain Black, a former shipmaster from Massachusetts, who in his youth had been a pupil of the great portrait-painter and who, judging from an accompanying likeness of his wife by himself, showed no small advance in art.

The writer can also recall other paintings of sufficient interest to merit the attention of an art critic. It is true, his knowledge of the requirements of good art was at the time quite inadequate to judge either of its financial value

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or of its artistic merit, but more than three score years of art study to which he has devoted his life must indeed have been spent in vain if he be incompetent to give a reasonably correct idea of the difference between a fairly good work of art and a daub, and his opinion is not based entirely on immature judgment, for some of the pictures referred to are still hanging in the dwellings of the grandchildren.

Before their destruction by fire in the old city building, many interesting, and among them some good, portraits of the earlier makers of Buffalo were seen. Most, if not all, were portraits of former mayors. While his modest salary was twelve hundred dollars, the reigning mayor was expected to disburse it all, or nearly all, for his counterfeit presentment in oil, to become public property, the honor of the office being held in those primitive times sufficient reward for his services.

Many of these portraits were by Mr. A. G. D. Tuthill, an Englishman who had studied art under Benjamin West. He had many good qualities as an artist, such as careful and correct design and natural coloring, though a certain primness and stiffness of pose often marred his

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work. Others were by Jackson, whose portraits are readily recognized by sharpness of outline and minute attention to dress and detail, especially in his women; they probably were what in those days, before the discovery of Daguerre, were considered very good likenesses. Of the portraits by Mr. Carnot Carpenter, the fourth of the quartette before mentioned, little is known; but that he had good qualities as an artist, a sign over a tobacco shop on Main Street, which was much admired, said to be his work, proved him to have been artistically clever. The sign represented four smokers enjoying the weed. It may have been a copy, but certainly it was a good piece of color. One or two by Mr. Wilgus, of whom more hereafter, were among his best works and superior to all. These painters were far ahead in their art of the common limners that perambulated the country, whose paintings seemed to have had no other merit than to prove that their owners had progenitors, male and female.

Among the artists of this period that were not residents of the city, Mr. Alva Bradish deserves prominent mention. Nothing is known by the writer of his early history except that,

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judging from some work of his younger days, he gave a promise of excellence which was not fulfilled, though this probably was owing to the necessity of providing for a large family, rendering haste obligatory, rather than lack of knowledge. Mr. Bradish was an educated gentleman, well connected and thoroughly conversant with all that might be learned from art literature. For many years he filled the chair of professor of fine arts in the University of Michigan. He was a rapid painter and must have been the author of a prodigious number of portraits, especially in the western portion of the country, where he painted full-length pictures of several governors and other dignitaries. His home was in Fredonia, whence he used to make occasional professional visits to Buffalo and the surrounding country.

Perhaps the most noteworthy event in Buffalo's early art-history was the return of a youth of eighteen to the city from the studio of President Samuel F. B. Morse, of the National Academy of New York, where he had spent three years in faithful study. William John Wilgus, than whom Buffalo never had a painter more accomplished in the technique of his

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profession, established himself in a studio in the building recently removed to give place for the offices of the American Express Company, corner of Main and Erie streets. The portraits that he painted while located there during the three years of the thirtieth and the two first of the fortieth decade, were greatly superior to any painted in Buffalo at the time. Such excellent work from a youth of eighteen gave growing hopes to his friends and admirers of a brilliant future which, had he not been handicapped by failing health, would doubtless have matured. His death took place in Buffalo, after some years spent in Southern climates, in his thirty-fourth year.

Among his best works were a number of Cattaraugus Indians, painted on their reservation, nearly all of which were destroyed by fire in the home of Caleb Lyons of Lyonsdale, Essex County, to whom he had sold them, and where they had been a choice part of the collection of this eccentric but cultivated gentleman, scholar, and poet.

In 1842, Buffalo had emerged from the depression caused by the collapse following the speculating mania of the early thirties, and the

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subsequent business disturbances caused by the failure of the United States Bank. On the docks business was brisk; they were cumbered with apples, stoves, hollowware, and railroad iron ready for shipment to Cleveland, Chicago, Milwaukee, Detroit, and other Western cities; wheat and flour being the return freights in the small sailing crafts that crowded the harbor; while steamboats gaily decorated in gorgeous colors plied up and down the lakes in the passenger business, then the swiftest mode of reaching the Far West. Art, also, generally in the form of portraiture, was in a fairly flourishing condition, and was, especially among ladies, a subject of conservation and care.

Naturally, the beautiful art which came from the refined nature and skilled hand of young Wilgus brought fruit in orders, to which, perhaps, the uncommon beauty and gentle manners of the artist not a little contributed. But he was not without a rival. There was a difference of opinion among the would-be connoisseurs, the majority, perhaps, adhering to Mr. Wilgus; while some were greatly taken up with the work of a man by the name of Gale, whose pretentious claims and flamboyant pictures impressed the

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ignorant, although they were utterly lacking in true artistic value; but, though illy drawn and meretriciously colored, they were large in size and gorgeous in reds and yellows.

Mr. Gale's genius was not satisfied with so low a form of art as portraits; he affected history also. The writer remembers an exhibition of two of his chef-d'œuvres in the old American Hall: Adam and Eve in paradise, and poor old Job prostrate and equally void of covering, unless the numerous boils in various stages of growth with which the body was decorated might be thus designated. Mr. Gale's career was not of long continuance, a cloud covered his disappearance from the city and he was never heard of more.

While awakening the memories of these departed days, the writer recalls the scruples of conscience that agitated him sometimes. Had he done right to adopt art as a profession? *Qui Bono?* In the light of youth and ignorance, art appeared wholly an expression of sensuous beauty. Was it worth the sacrifice of a life? True, his first attempt, a death-bed scene, seemed a denial of this postulate; but was not even that but a tribute to a semi-poetic tempera-



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ment without religious or altruistic base? He felt the beauty of pathos, color, and line, but even if success had attended the work, it would have had no higher motive. He had yet to learn that art's perfect ideal requires the union of both, at least in its most exalted form, and that its mission, whether expressed in stone, color, tone, or poetic frenzy is to drag the soul out of the mucky mire of earth into the pure life-giving atmosphere of worthy aspiration.

That the exhibition of Mr. Gale's two aforesaid paintings could have had any measure of success is hardly creditable to our city's idea of art at the time, though perhaps a sort of side-show may have been the principal attraction. This was the work of a young man from Canada, and consisted of some beautiful wood carvings, representing Noah's ark with its animals as described in the biblical account of the flood, which were greatly admired. The young sculptor was a brother of our deeply mourned and deservedly remembered Amos Sangster, a self-instructed painter and etcher, too modest to claim the position in art to which his quiet studio work entitled him.

Another excellent artist whose works demand

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a green memory in the annals of Buffalo's art was James M. Dickinson, a miniature painter, whose work equaled the best in that branch of art. A fine portrait of General Peter A. Porter painted by him has been copied in oil, life size, and generously donated to our Historical Society by his daughter, the late Miss Elizabeth B. Porter of Niagara Falls. Though the writer never made the acquaintance of Mr. Dickinson he saw him often and well remembers his appearance as he walked the streets of our city, a rather undersized old gentleman with silver locks and wrapped in a blue cloak.

On his return from Mayaguez, Porto Rico, where he had spent a profitable winter, Mr. Wilgus took a studio in New York, which left Buffalo without a resident artist worthy of note, during which time there seems to have been a lull in the interest for art—the desire to look into the intangible mysteries of hypnotism, or, as it was then called, animal magnetism, to a considerable extent supplying its place. In occasional exhibitions of pictures, however, the writer remembers a large canvas, "The Opening of the Seventh Seal," by Benjamin West, and a full-sized copy in oil of Leonardo da

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Vinci's "Last Supper"; both were exhibited in churches. He also recalls two excellent portraits by Wilgus on exhibition in his father's book-store, one a three-quarter length of an Indian called Captain Cole, the other a superb portrait of the late Mr. Joseph G. Norton, one of Buffalo's most prominent citizens.

In the meantime the writer had ventured to offer himself to the public as a painter of portraits and had taken a studio on Seneca Street near Main, where he painted a number of portraits, such as they were, his customers being of a class that did not ask for too great a degree of excellence. Here he divided his time between painting, dissecting in the new medical college near by, studying anatomy and art literature in his lonely evenings by a single tallow candle. Ah! more light is now required since gas and electricity have spoiled our eyes.

## II

THE arrival of Mr. Thomas Le Clear, in 1847, gave new impetus to art — to portrait-painting at least. Mr. Le Clear was a native of Owego. His early studies had been under Mr. Bradish, but later he had been a pupil of Henry Inman, at that time New York's most popular portrait-painter, in whose studio he had acquired not only a first-class technique and grace of pose of the sitting, but many other elements which go to make up an excellent artist. Almost as soon as he found a studio, the writer received a call from him, and the first encouraging words from a real artist.

The return of Mr. Wilgus to Buffalo in the same year found his former studio occupied by the writer, who gladly exchanged it for a smaller and less convenient one to please his friend, for a friendship had already sprung up between them which became an intimacy only to cease by death five years later. William John Wilgus was the uncle of the distinguished engineer, later one of the vice-presidents of the New York Central Railroad, who was named after him. He was born in Troy, whence his father moved to Buf-

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falo when his son was nine years of age. In New York, at Mr. Morse's school, he formed an intimacy with the late Daniel Huntington, for many years president of the National Academy of Designs, who was a fellow pupil with him. A short time before Mr. Huntington's death, the writer called on him, when the conversation turned on Mr. Wilgus. "Ah!" said the old gentleman, "I remember him well, he was very talented; he painted a very fine portrait of me, which I am very sorry to have lost."

Mr. Wilgus did not remain in the city long at this time, the condition of his health appearing to require a Southern climate. On his return, in 1849, he found his old studio occupied; but he caused a large and commodious one to be constructed, which, after his death, in 1853, was taken by Le Clear.

In proof that Mr. Wilgus was not confined in his art to portrait-painting alone, may be instanced two remarkable landscapes, one a scene in Mayaquez, Porto Rico, and the other, "Chautauqua Lake by Moonlight"; and also his humorous representation from Irving's story of Ichabod Crane, painted at the age of fifteen in Mr. Morse's studio, which was later made

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popular by a reproduction in oil printing said to have been the earliest specimen of chromo work in our city under Mr. Hemming's direction.

The appearance of William H. Beard in 1851, and the return from Europe of Matthew Wilson, an English gentleman who had begun to study art in Buffalo, coming back fresh from the studio of Couture in Paris, produced a sort of revival of art, three portrait-painters competing for the lucre if not the honor. To these may be added the appearance of Augustus Rockwell and Joseph Meeker; and later a young and gifted artist by the name of Libby, whose pictures in genre, painted with great care from models, gave promise of a future eminence which only his early death prevented. Mr. Rockwell had considerable success as a painter of portraits, and he also painted acceptable landscapes, chiefly from studies in the Adirondack Wilderness made on fishing and hunting excursions. The writer has no knowledge of where he studied his art nor the place of his birth. His gentle manners and honorable conduct made him a great favorite of all who came within the circle of his acquaintance. Perhaps the best example of his

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art is the excellent likeness of the late ex-President Fillmore, painted a short time before that gentleman's death, now the property of the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy.

Mr. Rockwell's sudden death, in 1880, as he was entering his house on Linwood Avenue, was a great shock to his friends and, we may add, to the whole city, as he was well known and universally respected. Mr. A. B. Nimbs, a pupil of Wilgus, and Albert N. Samuels, who studied under Le Clear, also belong to this period; both painted portraits.

Up to this time no regular school of art had been formed in the city, but there arrived an old and experienced actor who, besides his duty as stage-manager of the Eagle Street Theater, found time to conduct a school for landscape painting, having himself taken lessons in that branch of art from the late Mr. Cropsey of New York. His stage name, by which he was known at the time, was Andrew Andrews, his real name being Isaacs. By birth he was a Hebrew of Jamaica. He was one of the most liberal of men and exceedingly companionable. His capacity as artist, limited wholly to the imitation or copying of prints, consisted in a very neat and artistic

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touch of foliage in the style of his quondam instructor. He painted with great rapidity, being able to cover a large canvas with quite a remarkable landscape in a day, a celerity which he modestly attributed to spiritual aid, in which he fully believed. His class in painting was quite large, often as many as thirty pupils, mostly society ladies who filled their walls with their own pictures, every one of which received the finishing touches from the instructor's own hand. If a figure was wanted, either Mr. Beard or the writer, who often visited the school, was asked to supply it. It was here that Buffalo's distinguished artist, C. C. Coleman, now of Capri, being then a boy, got his first lessons in painting.

Notwithstanding the shortcomings of Andrews, well understood by his artist friends, he was a great favorite among them. On one occasion, when he was to play Benedict for his benefit, all his brother painters appeared in a box together. He had, as a stage-manager, incurred the displeasure of some of the actors and feared that he might need protectors after the play. It was a stalwart lot that occupied the stage box that evening, and fun was looked for.

At the end of the play Benedict was called



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out to speak, upon which he addressed the audience with the assurance of an old hero of the buskin. His remarks ended with a defiance to his enemies: "I have heard that I am to be assaulted this evening, but I would have my enemies know that I am not without protectors," pointing at the same time up to the box where his artist friends were seated. On leaving the theater, at the stage door he found them, each provided with a stick, at either side of the outlet, but no enemy appeared. The party adjourned to a certain subterranean saloon under the American Hotel, whence they did not emerge till the small hours of the morning.

The writer cannot consider his duty as historian of Buffalo's Art fulfilled without some grateful allusion to the benevolent merchants who furnished the most needed materials for its development. Their faith in the future of their customers was indeed without bounds. How else could impecunious budding genius bring fruit? Beefsteak and pie might sometimes be luxuries, and even bread and milk were not always despised. "Lager-beer" and "free lunch" were not yet to be had, and the desire for any stronger potation than *café-au-lait* had not developed.

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The cheapest tobacco could fill the pipe as a solace for all evils; but canvas, paints, brushes, and kindred materials *must* be had. Here it was that the good, confiding Messrs. Coleman, who, in addition to their drug store, kept artists' materials, came to the fore. It is to the credit of their young struggling debtors, whom they never dunned, that their inability to make themselves multi-millionaires was not caused by lack of artistic honor. Nay, the writer recalls a pleasant evening when Mr. William Coleman made a feast in his bachelor apartment to the resident artists, presenting at the close of the banquet a new palette to each of the guests; this was more than half a century ago, but the souvenir is still in daily use in the writer's studio. A poem written for the occasion by Mr. Matthew Wilson is considerably spared the reader, but the writer cannot leave the subject without a description of the most beautiful summer night that ever was granted to the city of Buffalo by the powers above.

"And they were not that fou," either, "but just a drappy in their ee," when they left their host and could breathe the pure air again. A most beautiful aurora borealis met their gaze.

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From the zenith a complete tent of iridescent colors seemed to be suspended over the whole city. Every tint of the prism was there, shifting from side to side with lightning rapidity, as if the angels were dancing around a celestial may-pole. After enjoying the spectacle to the end, the merry company separated, each to find his own keyhole.

Perhaps it may be of interest to the young reader to know that the flexible tube that holds the pigments was then an invention less than a decade old, artists' paints theretofore being sold in small bladders in which a pinhole was pricked to squeeze the paint out, a method generally in use in Europe as late as 1853. The invention is said to have been by a Scotchman in the employ of Dechaux, the artists' colorman of New York.

As the subject of art was becoming popular and public attention began to be called to it, some of the prominent artists thought the time near to form an association on the lines of the New York National Academy of Design, with public exhibitions in a permanent exhibition room. The result of their cogitations was a meeting called by Mr. Matthew Wilson, who was not only a popular artist fresh from a Paris studio

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but a favorite leader in society. Mr. George W. Rounds, agent for the North Western Insurance Company, and Mr. Wilson's intimate friend, offered his rooms at the "Phelps House" as the place of meeting. Those present were Messrs. Thomas Le Clear, William H. Beard, Mr. Matthew Wilson, Mr. Joseph Meeker, and the writer. All seemed to be in harmony and ready with their support, till Mr. Rounds, who also was a member of the meeting, rose to propose Mr. Wilson as the president of the association. An ominous silence followed, broken by the present recorder, who made the suggestion that for many reasons it might be best that the president should not be one of the artists, but some influential and willing citizen, as not only art but finances too, as well as other business requirements, were to be considered. He therefore suggested delay in appointing officers. Mr. Wilson moved to adjourn, and nothing more was heard of an art association till the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy was established a whole decade later.

Buffalo had passed its infancy and was putting on airs as a city of some consequence, and fast losing its village habits. A hole was

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bored in the rocky bottom of the Niagara River, which was made to contribute of its limpid current to fire protection and domestic uses, instead of the old and not always odorless city pumps, the use of which later, for hygienic reasons, was altogether discontinued.

Business seemed on a safe footing, and the time had come to attend to things less tangible if not less important. Buffalonians had learned the sweet power of music from Jennie Lind, and even Patti, then a child of nine, had given portents of future greatness; nor was the city without its native talent and indigenous love for music. In the spirit memory of the writer there lingers yet a faint echo of the sweet tones of Albert Bigelow in home concerts. Under the direction of Everett L. Baker, the organist, student and pupil of old Mr. Barton, organist of Trinity Church, the Santa Cecilia Society was formed, whose sweet concerted voices gratified the lovers of song; to this must be added the Liedertafel and Mendelsshon societies, the Christy Minstrels, a native Buffalo chorus, and first heard here; also the home opera, directed by that versatile histrionic sage, Andrews. Mr. James N. Johnston's beautiful tribute to home poetry proves

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that neither was the worship of Euterpe nor her graver sisters neglected.

Painting, sculpture, and architecture were the only members of the great family of the Muses that were yet without temple or congregation. Their votaries practiced their avocations with zeal and energy and not without encouragement; they fraternized, ate and drank, and criticized each other without ill-feeling or rancor, though art, *per se*, was seldom the theme when at their pipes or simple libations.

No general public exhibition of works of art had hitherto obtained in Buffalo, at least none worthy of record, for though dealers in art from New York and elsewhere brought pictures and articles of virtu more or less—generally less—genuine to Buffalo, such mercantile ventures may well be passed by as they added little to its art culture. Exceptions must be made, however, to Dubufe's "Adam and Eve," exhibited in McArthur's Hall, and later his "Prodigal Son." They were beautiful pictures, both in composition and color, good specimens of the French school of their day, when realism was less insisted on than later. The writer remembers sitting near two ladies who were admiring "Adam and Eve

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in Paradise," and commenting on them. Said one to the other, "I wonder why Adam did not stop at his tailor's on his way from the barber's!" alluding to the carefully groomed locks of our supposed progenitor.

### III

As the fifth decade of the nineteenth century was drawing to its close, the political horizon began to be darkened with storm-boding clouds. True, no one dreamed of the extent of devastation they were destined to bring nor of the lamentation that would be heard throughout the land for the death of first-borns before the roaring tempest could clear the sky and leave the whole country to breathe the pure air of perfect freedom. And yet few believed that war would really come till the echo of the first gun from Fort Moultrie reverberated through every part of the United States. Up to this time there had been an uneasiness that interfered with all kinds of peaceful development, and in which art had its full share, which at once gave place to a feeling that all other interests must remain in abeyance, or be sacrificed in defense of the Union, or what was deemed the right.

Perhaps it was fortunate for the development of the art spirit of Buffalo and the consequent birth of the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy that it was coincidental with the beginning of the war for the Union. The dormant patriotism



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of the North was awakened as nothing but the defiance of the slave States could have aroused it. Many were willing to give their all for the safety of the Union. At all costs the rebellion must be crushed, but few realized at what cost. The first practical lesson came from Bull Run. As by magic, silver and gold disappeared from trade, yet money, and much money, must be found to meet the exigencies. It is to the honor of Buffalo that its representative in congress, Mr. Spaulding, the chairman of ways and means, was mainly instrumental in financing the enormous undertaking by the invention of greenbacks, as everything indicated a long and sanguinary war; the necessity of a great army, and the necessary equipments for the same, brought about a business movement the effect of which was felt in every department of industry. An era of prosperity, with its attendant luxuries and enjoyments, took the place of despondency. Money was easily made and spent liberally; subscriptions for almost any altruistic purpose were made without murmur, and assistance to the Red Cross or the Sanitary Association in behalf of the army was freely given. The claim of art, too, as a factor in culture and refining

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influences, was easily recognized and generously met.

Club life for social enjoyment had not yet taken root in the city. The Buffalo Club, which was organized about this time (1867), became of much use in the interest of art, as within its comfortable rooms were originated and discussed many practical means for achieving success in art matters.

A year or two before the above mentioned portents had made their appearance, a young man came from Albany to this city to become a member of the editorial staff of the *Buffalo Courier*. At first he was the city editor, but being a man of high culture and strict sense of honor, and endowed by nature with an uncommon amount of good sense and breadth of judgment, he soon became editor-in-chief, and subsequently a principal owner and sole manager of the whole important establishment. This was Joseph Warren, a gentleman whose influence could always be depended on for the promotion of any good and useful work—material, ethical, æsthetical, or intellectual—in the city. How much the lingering life of the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy owes to his encouragement, generous

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aid, and sound judgment, only the present writer knows.

Mr. Warren was the president of the Young Men's Association at its twenty-fifth anniversary in 1861, and it was at this time that the fortunate idea of the executive board of that society, that a regular public exhibition of art ought to form a part of its quarter-century commemorations, was suggested.

The project was approved, and to the Young Men's Association belongs the honor of being the sponsors of the first regular art exhibition ever given in the city of Buffalo. Its general direction was in the hands of Mr. Edward S. Rich, the chairman of the art committee, but he was greatly assisted by Mr. Ewers Tallmage, a well-known and highly esteemed young lawyer then resident of the city, who assumed the office of secretary of the exhibition and through whose endeavors many fine works of art were secured. The following description by Mr. Warren, written at the time, tells the story of the preparations too graphically to be omitted, the writer will only add that a better exhibition has seldom been offered to the public in Buffalo. It was easier to obtain good pictures from native

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artists then, as the idea was novel, and though more are painted there are so many cities which have followed the lead of Buffalo in establishing art institutions that have regular exhibitions every year that it became more and more difficult to procure good work of art for exhibitions.

Mr. Warren said: "American Hall was engaged, draped, and somewhat inartistically extemporized into an art gallery. A confiding gas-fitter was discovered who engaged to put in the pipe and fixtures and remove them at the close of the exhibition at a merely nominal expense. The secretary of the gas company, Mr. O. G. Steele, with characteristic liberality, contracted to make no charge for the lighting of the hall, and the Hon. William G. Fargo neglected to collect the express bills for bringing pictures from New York and returning them to their owners. Members of the committee waited on those of our citizens who were owners of paintings and begged them for the exhibition. Portraits of citizens were borrowed, artists at home and abroad were asked to contribute, and as a result the hall was strewn with works of art. The days preceding the opening were busy and anxious ones. Members of the committee

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organized by the indefatigable Sellstedt, who adds to artistic genius the rare ambition to work for the public without compensation, brought order out of chaos and the pictures at last were hung. Would anybody come to see them? Men of influence were quietly smuggled in and requested to say a kind word for the exhibition. Ladies of taste were asked to lend their countenance to the doubtful enterprise. So fearful was the committee of failure, that on the evening previous to the opening the chairman of the committee, Mr. Edward S. Rich, gave a modest spread in the hall to which eighty ladies and gentlemen were invited. They came, admired the pictures, tested the sandwiches and punch, and voted the exhibition a success, and so it proved. Two hundred and eighty-five paintings and eight pieces of statuary were included in the catalogue. The gross receipts were eight hundred and thirty-five dollars, and from the net proceeds a landscape from the easel of Geo. L. Brown of New York was purchased for the association."

The project of forming an art association by the artists of Buffalo, though dormant since the first abortive attempt above recorded, was by

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no means dead; and the success which attended the venture of the Young Men's Association was well calculated to awaken it. It was evident that the interest of the public was very much alive to the subject of art, and therefore that the time was propitious.

While the means of putting their idea into concrete form was agitating the minds of the hopeful projectors, a fortuitous event not only removed some of the difficulties but placed the whole matter on an immediate practical footing.

A Mr. Josiah Humphrey had attempted to establish a permanent art gallery in Rochester without the desired success, and, in some way, learning that there was thought of founding a permanent gallery in Buffalo, came to Le Clear, whom he justly considered the most prominent artist in Buffalo, offering to remove his whole collection here if a guarantee of success could be assured him.

The Young Men's Association had always had a committee on art. Had even thought of an art gallery as a complement to their library. Some pictures they had, mostly portraits donated by friends, and the landscape referred to by Mr. Warren, was expected to be a beginning

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of a real art collection to which an annual exhibition would contribute. For this reason the idea of a new association with a permanent gallery and regular exhibitions was not received without feeling, and trouble was feared, but wise counsels soon put an end to whatever discord there may have been, and perfect harmony resulted. To this much-desired decision, doubtless, Mr. Warren, ever an opponent to strife and a far-seeing man, largely contributed. Instead of opposition, every necessary aid was freely tendered the artists and their friends in their new enterprise.

Mr. Humphrey's proposal was readily considered by Mr. Le Clear, as it opened a way for the formation of the desired association or academy without further delay with a nucleus ready at hand around which a good permanent gallery of art might cluster; it only remained to agree on the terms. Anticipating substantial aid from lovers of art, Mr. Le Clear took into his confidence Mr. Tallmage, who, besides his experience as secretary of the Young Men's Association exhibition, by which he had familiarized himself with the subject, would also, through his legal knowledge, be a safe guide in matters

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of business and assist in making proper and legal arrangements with Mr. Humphrey.

A night was spent in Mr. Tallmage's office preparing a sketch of a constitution and by-laws for the projected institution. A list of names of gentlemen who were thought possessed of influence and to be lovers of art was prepared, and each of the two midnight conspirators agreed to present the subject to his respective friends.

On the night of November 10th, 1862, Mr. Le Clear called with Mr. Humphrey at the office of his friend, Mr. Henry W. Rogers, upon whose aid he had good reasons to believe he could rely, and the subject was discussed between them. It was agreed to convene a meeting of such men as were likely to favor the enterprise, to talk over the matter. The following gentlemen met at 7 P. M., November 11th, in Messrs. Bowen & Rogers' office, at 28 Erie Street: Henry W. Rogers, John S. Ganson, Orsamus H. Marshall, Grosvenor W. Heacock, Josiah Humphrey, Geo. S. Hazard, John Allen, Thomas Le Clear, Sylvester F. Mixer, Harmon S. Cutting, James M. Smith, L. G. Sellstedt, Silas H. Fish, E. Ewers Tallmage, and Anson G. Chester. Mr.



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O. H. Marshall was made chairman of the meeting and Anson G. Chester, secretary.

The meeting being called to order, it was resolved to organize an association for the cultivation of the Fine Arts of Buffalo, to be called the Academy of Fine Arts, but Mr. A. G. Chester offered as amendment that it be called the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy, which was carried. The proposed constitution and by-laws prepared as above was, after a few amendments, adopted, and the following officers were elected to serve for one year: Henry W. Rogers, president; Geo. S. Hazard, James M. Smith, and Geo. B. Hibbard, vice-presidents; Josiah Humphrey, corresponding secretary; E. Ewers Tallmage, recording secretary; John Allen, Jr., treasurer. Sixteen curators were chosen to serve for two years, viz: Millard Fillmore, Sherman S. Jewett, Grosvenor W. Heacock, John S. Ganson, O. H. Marshall, L. G. Sellstedt, W. H. Beard, S. V. R. Watson, William Dorsheimer, Silas H. Fish, Asher P. Nichols, Sylvester F. Mixer, W. Wilkeson, Harmon S. Cutting, Thomas Le Clear, Anson G. Chester, and Geo. Hibbard. All but Mr. Hibbard consented to serve, and Bronson C. Rumsey was chosen in his place.

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Thus the infant was baptized and left in care of its sponsors.

Mr. Humphrey had claimed, as a *sine qua non*, that the sum of \$6,000 must be raised to purchase one of the pictures of his collection, "The Departure of the Pilgrims from Delph," by Lucy, of which he exhibited a steel engraving; but, though it might be a desirable possession, it was thought that if the money were raised it would be unwise to expend it all on one single work of art. However, as a compromise, Mr. Humphrey at last consented to bring the whole collection if assurance were given that the \$6,000 would be expended on paintings which he owned or controlled. A committee was appointed to get subscribers for this fund, consisting of Messrs. Hazard and Rogers.

These gentlemen started out on their mission on the morning of the 11th of December, and before 6 P. M. had twelve subscribers of \$500 each, to which another \$500 was added later. Their names were: Henry W. Rogers, Geo. S. Hazard, Sherman S. Jewett, David Bennett, Bronson C. Rumsey, Lauren C. Woodruff, Stephen V. R. Watson, Charles Ensign, Chand-

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ler J. Wells, John Allen, Jr., Pascal P. Pratt, Francis H. Root, James Brayley.

On the 4th of December, the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy was incorporated by the following incorporators: Millard Fillmore, Silas H. Fish, G. W. Heacock, William G. Fargo, P. P. Pratt, E. H. Howard, S. S. Jewett, William Wilkeson, John S. Ganson, Julius Movius, L. G. Sellstedt, Henry W. Rogers, Oliver G. Steele, Asher P. Nichols, John Allen, Jr., Bronson C. Rumsey, William Dorsheimer, Orsamus H. Marshall, Harmon S. Cutting, Stephen V. R. Watson, Henry A. Richmond, S. F. Mixer, E. Ewers Tallmage, Coleman R. Robinson, Anson G. Chester, James M. Smith.

The essential facts in the history of the institution up to the close of the nineteenth century are so well and correctly recorded in Mr. Willis O. Chapin's historical sketch of the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy that little is left for the writer but to fill out its outlines and broad lights and shades with details which may or may not add interest or value, however relevant they may be to the subject. Matters of financial nature may be found faithfully recorded in his book and will be omitted here. The chief aim of

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the writer is centered in a desire to call attention to some of the difficulties attendant upon the means, whether altruistic or intellectual, of keeping up the interest of the public in the novel experiment.

In the published address by the superintendent at the opening of the Gallery at its first decennial in 1872, the preparation and inauguration of the Gallery are thus described: "Rooms were selected for the Gallery in the building known as the Arcade, on the southeast corner of Main and Clinton streets. They were on the third floor, which consisted of five apartments, the two largest of which were lighted from above. A large clothing store now occupies the site. They were painted, carpeted, and furnished with gas lights, and other necessaries for an art gallery, and so energetically did the committee in charge (Messrs. Humphrey, Rogers, and Sellstedt) push the work, that by the middle of December the rooms were ready for the removal of the art works from Rochester. In the meantime, Messrs. Le Clear and Humphrey had been to Rochester for the collection, and the work of hanging commenced."

#### IV

THE formal inauguration of the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy took place on the evening of the 23d of December, 1862. No one who has not experienced the difficulty of such an undertaking with such limited means can believe with what joy they who had labored for its success saw the completion of their work.

On the evening mentioned the rooms were crowded with an expectant throng of the lovers of art and the best society in the city in their finest clothes. After a musical prelude by Poppenberg's band, the venerable and honored ex-President of the United States, Mr. Millard Fillmore, as chairman of the committee of reception, arose to introduce Mr. Rogers as president of the Academy. Mr. Rogers's address was a brief review of the various enterprises which had been instrumental in forming the culture of Buffalo.

After more music by Poppenberg's band, Mr. Anson G. Chester read a poem written by himself for the occasion.\* The happy evening

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\* The poems written in honor of the various festive occasions will be found in their order at the end of this volume.

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closed by a reception given by the president at his home, attended by the officers of the new-born enterprise and other friends.

Some of the pictures which Mr. Humphrey had brought to the Gallery were the property of Mr. Frodham of New York, the former being his agent. "The Departure of the Pilgrims," by Lucy, was Mr. Frodham's property. That the hope of selling this picture had been the principal object in offering to bring the collection to Buffalo was evident by the condition imposed by Mr. Humphrey, that \$6,000 (the exact sum asked for it) must be provided. Mr. Frodham was in need of money, and since he could not sell his picture to Buffalo insisted on its return to New York at once. The removal of this attraction, which filled a whole wall, would be a blow to the success of the exhibition; and a compromise was effected by loaning Mr. Frodham \$2,500 on his picture for a year, thus saving it to the Gallery for that time. Later on, an offer was made to sell to the Academy "The French Revolution," costing \$3,500, taking the money loaned and \$1,000 in cash for it. This offer was accepted, Messrs. Allen and Captain Dorr advancing the money. "The Pilgrims" was

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afterward sold to the New England Society in New York.

It was found that the expense of maintaining the exhibition rendered the original dream of a free gallery a dream indeed, though hopes were held out that something would turn up in the distant future to make it real.

The first donation of any work of art was by the late Albert Bierstadt, an artist of broad and liberal views, a fine landscape, representing a view of the rocky coast of the Island of Capri with the Farghione Rocks in the middle distance, a beautiful and carefully painted picture.

Differences between the Academy and Mr. Humphrey began early, and a committee was appointed to adjust them. This resulted in the purchase of two pictures, "The Captive Soul," by J. A. Oertel, and a landscape by Jolivert. Mr. Humphrey also resigned, on the condition that Mr. Le Clear took charge of the Gallery, and not Mr. Sellstedt, for whom, for some reason now forgotten, he had taken umbrage. Among the works of art brought from Rochester was "The Pearl Diver," by Paul Akers, a recumbent statue in marble belonging to Mr. Akers's

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widow. It is now the property of the Portland Library.

Mr. Le Clear removed to New York a few months afterwards, and the writer was requested to take charge as superintendent. The by-monthly exhibitions which then obtained required frequent trips to New York in search of new material, and, as few if any pictures were sold, the artists soon became unwilling to lend their works. Nevertheless, for a while, all went fairly well. It was a hard task to get boxes of pictures up to the Gallery, and unpack and hang them, as no assistance was at hand but the janitor, the young lady clerk, and such men as could be found in the street to lend a hand. Generally, the pictures were placed on the wall by the superintendent alone, unless help was needed to lift them. The principal wall was brick without wooden sheeting, and the bricks must be drilled for nails, which proved laborious and slow work. The superintendent seldom left the building until midnight, and he remembers hanging pictures a whole night, mostly without assistance, to be ready for the announced opening in the morning, but he was young and strong, full of vigor and deeply in love with art.



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Mr. George S. Hazard succeeded Mr. Rogers as president in 1864. The opening ceremony took place on the 13th of February, when a poem was read, written for the occasion by our richly gifted and sweetly remembered David Gray, a young poet and all-around literary man, of whose memory our city will ever be proud.

The breakers that had threatened the embarkation no longer showed their frowning forms, and the hopes entertained that the rest of the voyage might be, if not with constancy of fair and pleasant winds, at least without destructive storms, seemed reasonable.

The country was now in the midst of war and great efforts were made by the patriotic and benevolent men and women who could not take part in field operations to care as much as possible for the sick and wounded soldiers. During this month a fair was held by the ladies of the Christian Commission in their behalf. A communication from its president, Mrs. William G. Fargo, requesting the use of the Gallery as an auxiliary aid to the fair was answered by a resolution introduced by the ex-President Fillmore, and unanimously passed by the board of curators, that the Gallery be given up to the

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ladies of the Christian Commission for a week. Extra attractions were furnished, comprising pictures, articles of vertu, and curios, borrowed mostly from citizens wherever anything of interest might be found.

The writer remembers with pleasure an incident which took place about this time. This was a visit by the Ministers of several European countries, with Mr. Seward, the United States Secretary of State, who was escorting them on a jaunt through the country. Among the works of art to which special attention was called were Page's "Venus," Rothermel's "St. Agnes," "Twelfth Night," and Tenier's "Village Festival," these being borrowed from the Cooper Institute of New York.

In January, 1865, a disastrous fire destroyed the American Hotel and adjoining buildings. This destructive calamity is sadly remembered by those who knew the three of Buffalo's most esteemed young men whose lives were sacrificed while doing their duty as volunteer firemen on that dreadful occasion—James Sidway, Harry Tift, and Henry Gillette—all youths of promise, of bright future, and belonging to the best society of the city.

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The Art Gallery, being directly opposite, was felt to be in danger, as the heat was so great that the windows were bent, and it seemed as if the building must take fire. In great haste the most important pictures were taken from the walls ready for instant removal, the large canvas, "The Departure of the Pilgrims," was rolled up and packed ready for shipping, as the arrangement for its return was pending, and it was never put up again in Buffalo.

The Young Men's Association with its library, which since its foundation in 1835 had been gradually outgrowing its first headquarters in an upper room near Swan Street, afterwards moving to the second story of a modest brick building on South Division Street near Main, thence into temporary quarters in the American Block, had found safer and more commodious accommodations in the new building back of the old Court House, recently erected to accommodate the needs of justice, but vacated after the erection of the present City Hall, and being at a later date also removed to make room for the present ornate structure, in which its library, now the property of the city, is housed.

In the meantime it began to be felt that the

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growing needs of the Association required better and permanent quarters of its own, and by the liberality of a few prominent citizens it became the owner of the St. James Hotel property, where now stands the Iroquois Hotel. As soon as the Association acquired possession, the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy was invited to move its Gallery there. The terms were liberal and the invitation was accepted without hesitation. Room was assigned the Academy and the necessary alterations were to be made by the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy, the cost of which was to be counted as rent. This was but nominal, the understanding being that a perpetual home for the institution should be given as long as it needed or chose to retain it. Mr. S. V. R. Watson, president of the Young Men's Association at the time, was the leading spirit in this movement, and in consultation with the superintendent of the Gallery, as to the wants of the Academy, he suggested a plan of alteration in the building which would give the necessary conveniences for exhibition rooms, office, storage, etc. The plan was accepted by the committee appointed for the purpose and the work began under the supervision of Messrs. Henry A.

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Richmond and Captain E. P. Dorr, who themselves advanced the necessary funds for the work.

Though Mr. S. S. Jewett was elected president in January, 1865, the new Gallery was not opened until February of the same year, the preparatory alterations not being completed till then. The dedicatory ceremony opened with music from a band, and an address was delivered by the Hon. William Dorsheimer, followed by the reading of a poem by the Rev. Dr. A. T. Chester.

The moving from the old Gallery of "The Pearl Diver" is remembered most vividly. The stairs of the new building could not be trusted with its weight, nor was the flooring of the Gallery, which was on the third story, strong enough, even if it could be got in. The latter difficulty was overcome by building a platform of heavy plank resting on cross-beams, and the first by hoisting it up and taking it through a window. Here the superintendent's sailor experience came into play. A tackle and the services of a couple of sailors were borrowed from Captain Dorr, a piece of timber pushed out from the fourth-story window and secured inside, a

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double tackle with new manila rope attached outside, three or four stout men at the fall, and amid a host of curious spectators the beautiful stone, weighing over 3,000 pounds, rose gracefully and slowly to its elevated location.

Although the friends of the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy were by this favorable arrangement with the Young Men's Association hopeful for its future, being thus conveniently homed and substantially rent free, it was not long before it was discovered that the infant could not live without its bottle, seeing that it had no natural mother to give it needed sustenance. The expense necessary to carry on successfully a permanent exhibition was found to be too great to become self-sustaining, especially when the public seemingly continually required new objects of interest to induce their needed attendance. The expense of transporting works of art from New York or elsewhere was great, and even though Mr. William G. Fargo, a liberal contributor to all good endeavors (on one occasion well remembered by the writer, who was an invited guest at the Astor House in New York City, where the representatives of all the express companies were in the habit of lunching), pro-

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posed to transport the pictures for the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy free of charge, the concession could not be accepted, as the insurance would have to be borne by the Academy, for the express companies could not be expected to be responsible in the matter of insurance.

Sometimes very heavy charges were made for transporting pictures. The writer remembers that, in one case, \$300 was charged for taking a large picture from Buffalo to Boston. Indeed, it was difficult to get the express companies to take large pictures at any price. Later, another way was found, viz, to ship by what was called the Merchants Despatch, which, though slower, was equally safe and much cheaper. Still there remained the insurance on the paintings, which in such a building was heavy, and other contingent matters, such as care, heating, lighting, etc., made the expense far beyond the usual income. Thus it was that a crisis was near; in some way money must be obtained or the whole enterprise abandoned. At a meeting called for the purpose, the situation was explained by the superintendent, and the consultation which followed made it plain that some sort of endowment must be made to cover the regular annual

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deficit. As the deficit was mostly due to insurance, the annual sum of \$700 was thought to be sufficient, and it was resolved to raise by subscription \$10,000, the interest of which at seven per cent., legal at the time, being the sum required. Mr. Sherman S. Jewett, ever a liberal friend of the Academy, headed the list with \$1,000, this was followed by Bronson C. Rumsey and Henry A. Richmond with equal amounts, when a committee was appointed to raise the remaining \$7,000. Mr. O. G. Steele, who was the chairman of the committee, reported later that they had not succeeded in raising the full amount, whereupon Mr. Jewett informed Mr. Warren that he would increase his subscription to \$10,000. This put a new face on the matter and resulted in an attempt to make the fund \$20,000, which eventually succeeded, after which Mr. Jewett's generous contribution was set aside and called the "Jewett Picture Fund."

In 1866, Captain E. P. Dorr, one of the most devoted friends and patrons of the Academy, was elected president. A scholarly address on "The Aristocracy of Art" was delivered by the Rev. Dr. A. T. Chester, after which Mrs. E. A. Forbes's beautiful poem was read by the Hon.



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William Dorsheimer. Captain E. P. Dorr was reëlected in 1867. The customary address was delivered by the Hon. Asher P. Nichols, one of the most learned and popular members of the city's bar. The poem by Miss Amanda T. Jones was charmingly rendered by Mrs. Rogers, who, before her marriage, for a short time had adopted the dramatic profession. She was the beautiful daughter of Mr. G. H. Goodrich, one of Buffalo's oldest and most respected citizens.

In 1868, Mr. C. F. S. Thomas was elected president. The annual opening was held in St. James Hall. The principal address was by the writer, and the usual poem by Miss Julia Forbes, entitled "The Nursery of Arts," was beautifully read by the late Hon. James O. Putnam. The annual opening of 1869 was again held in St. James Hall. Mr. W. H. Rogers, the president, being absent, the vice-president, Hon. Wm. Dorsheimer, presided. After his introductory remarks, the Rev. Frederick Frothingham, of the Unitarian Church, delivered a beautiful address on "Tastes in Art," which was rapturously received; but on this occasion the exercises closed without a poem.

Mr. Wm. P. Letchworth was elected president

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in 1870. An able address by Mr. J. N. Larned and a poem by Mrs. Mixer, read by Mr. Anson G. Chester, were the principal literary features of the occasion.

Mr. William Pryor Letchworth was again elected president of the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy in 1871. The opening this year was marked by an able address by Mr. Joseph Warren, and a sweet poem written for the occasion by Miss Ellen M. Ferris, a highly poetically gifted young lady, whose early death was greatly regretted and deeply mourned by all who knew her.

In 1872, Mr. Letchworth was reëlected. Mr. Chapin's description in his history of the opening ceremonies of this year is so complete that the writer takes the liberty of giving it verbatim: "The decennial anniversary of the founding of the Academy was held in the Gallery, December 23, 1872. A large and brilliant assemblage witnessed the exercises. Mr. Letchworth introduced Mr. Sellstedt, who read a carefully prepared historical sketch of the Academy (given in the *Courier* and *Republic*, December 24th). After music furnished by Poppenberg's band, Mr. Hazard read the poem by Miss

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Matilda H. Stuart and Mr. Letchworth read a brief address.

“At this meeting the fine portrait of Mr. Sellstedt in his studio, painted by himself, was unveiled and formally presented to the Academy; a merited recognition of Mr. Sellstedt’s long and faithful services to the institution. This portrait had been exhibited in the New York Academy of Design, where it had been greatly admired. In 1876, it was sent to Philadelphia with Beard’s ‘March of Silenus,’ as Buffalo’s contribution to the exhibit of the Centennial Exhibition. The portrait was purchased from Mr. Sellstedt for \$1,000 and presented to the Academy by the following gentlemen:—Hon. Millard Fillmore, John Allen, Jr., S. S. Jewett, B. C. Rumsey, P. P. Pratt, Dr. T. F. Rochester, Austin Hart, Albert H. Tracy, William G. Fargo, Henry A. Richmond, Wm. Wilkeson, S. S. Rogers, Josiah Letchworth, James Brayley, Joseph Warren, David Gray, Gen. R. L. Howard, and William P. Letchworth.”

The proceedings of this meeting were afterwards preserved in pamphlet form by Mr. Letchworth. The occasion was the more worthy

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of particular notice as it brought hope of perpetuity to the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy by the generosity of the subscribers to the necessary endowment fund, which was headed by Mr. Jewett with \$10,000. Later, Mr. Jewett's gift was set apart for a picture purchase fund with the name of its donor, and from which some of the Academy's choicest paintings have been bought. These matters, however, are things that properly belong to the Academy's finances, the details of which may be found where all that concerns its material interests are recorded.

The writer spent a large part of 1875 in European travel, and on his return the following year was elected president of the Academy. His opening address was largely a plea for the advancement and support of American Art, together with an earnest appeal in favor of the speedy establishment of the Art School in connection with the Academy, which had always been a desideratum in view from its inception. Mr. Arthur W. Austin was the poet at the usual annual ceremonies.

A sad event of this year was the death of Joseph Warren, one of the most efficient friends of the institution. In his history, Mr. Chapin

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says: "At a meeting held November 15, 1876, resolutions on the death of Mr. Warren were passed. Instrumental in establishing the permanent funds of the Academy and at all times a zealous worker in its behalf, Mr. Warren possessed the happy faculty of inspiring others with his own enthusiasm."

By this time our citizens had received some light on the elements that constitute good art, and had begun to be adverse critics on the collection as a whole. The necessity of filling the walls which the general public, on whose patronage the Academy had hitherto mainly relied, demanded as a *sine qua non* that every available inch of the walls should be covered with pictures, had compelled the acceptance of pictures of little or no real merit. Invidious comparisons with the great galleries with which their foreign travels had made them familiar were often heard. Doubtless the zeal for the institution was thus materially dampened in the minds of some who really desired its success. Especially was American Art thought little of, and this finally even went so far that at least one generous testatrix barred American Art in her will.

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A memorable loan exhibition of works of art, curios, etc., was held this year at the spacious residence of the late O. B. Nims, then the property of Mrs. Dean Richmond, for the benefit of the General Hospital, to which the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy contributed some of its treasures.

This being the year of the Centennial Fair at Philadelphia, which naturally attracted the lovers of art, the interest in home art for the time was lessened.

Till early in the seventies, the Art School had not materialized, but there was a general interest in the subject which manifested itself in the form of societies or clubs, especially among the ladies and gentlemen of leisure.

The first effort of the Academy to establish an Art School was at a meeting called by president Wm. P. Letchworth early in 1874. All agreed that something must be done; but two obstacles had hitherto stood in the way, lack of money to purchase the necessary casts and other accessories needed, and want of room. A subscription was taken up on the spot to defray immediate expenses, and a large room heretofore used as an office was devoted to the school; other arrangements were made for office work.

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The subscribers were: Wm. P. Letchworth, \$25; Thos. F. Rochester, \$25; Geo. E. Hazard, \$25; F. H. Root, \$25; O. G. Steele, \$25; Mrs. Rebecca Townsend, \$50; Watson A. Fox, \$10; A. P. Southwick, \$10; Ammi M. Farnham, \$10; Richard Waite, \$15; P. P. Pratt, \$25; H. M. Clay, \$20; James Brayley, \$25; Mentz, \$5; Gruener, \$5; making a total of \$300.

This was considered a fair start. The office was vacated, casts were purchased by the superintendent, and Mr. Farnham, having knowledge of the Munich schools, kindly undertook the instruction. For a time the infant enterprise had fair success, but after a few months, Mr. Farnham having resigned, there being no one to take his place, the school dwindled into "inocuous desuetude."

Soon after, finding the room empty, Judge Clinton took possession of it for the use of the Natural Sciences. The school was not dead, but sleeping, and revived when the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy, in 1887, found shelter with the Young Men's Association, and here one of the rooms not well suited for exhibitions was appropriated to it. New casts were added and the necessary fittings, gas, etc., were paid for

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out of what remained of the above fund. For a short time the writer acted as critic, but as he could not well give his time and was, in fact, not sufficiently acquainted with proper academic instruction, a regular teacher must be procured. After much trouble, a young artist from Niagara Falls, who had received European instruction in a regular way, was found and he consented to come to Buffalo and rule the school. His name was James Francis Brown, and for some time all went well. The school was well attended by both men and women. Of the former, some were connected with printing establishments who were anxious and earnest in their endeavors to overcome the difficulties of design, so useful in their business, which had already begun to be a necessary part of the daily press requirements, in illustrations demanding artistic skill.

In 1881, the Academy had moved to the building owned by the Austin Estate, corner of Franklin and Niagara streets, and Dr. Thomas F. Rochester, ever a friend to everything good and useful, became its president, an office held until his death in 1887. Addresses at this opening were by J. N. Larned and the Hon. E. C. Sprague, but there was no poem.



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Mr. Chapin says: "The twentieth anniversary of the Academy was celebrated December 20, 1882. As on its decennial anniversary, so again Mr. Sellstedt reviewed the history of the Academy during its early years, paying tribute to Henry W. Rogers, Captain Dorr, Joseph Warren, John Allen, Jr., Sherman S. Jewett, and others, whose work for the Academy had made its existence possible. Another speaker would have added to this list, for constant devotion and indefatigable work for the Academy, the name of Mr. Sellstedt; Mr. Noye read a poem by Miss Annie Annan, "A Village Raphael."

In 1888, Mr. Sherman S. Rogers was elected president. At this opening Bishop A. Cleveland Coxe gave the address and Mr. James O. Putnam read a beautiful poem written by Robert Cameron Rogers, entitled "The Dancing Faun."

This was the last contribution in verse to the Academy till some years later, when Richard Watson Gilder read his remarkable poem at the inauguration ceremonies of the opening of the new and permanent home of the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy, the noble gift of J. J. Albright.

In 1885, a few earnest lovers of art formed

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themselves into a club for the practical study of design and painting. It became known as the Allen Street School, from the location. The original members numbered only seven. Their names were: Messrs. Horton, Taber, Palmer, Johnson, Streeter, and Messrs. Gates and Cramer. At first a small room was found on the corner of Court and Franklin streets, but as the membership increased better accommodation was needed and the school was moved to the Dennis Flats on Allen Street. Annual exhibitions were held.

In December, 1891, the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy, mostly composed of business men who believed in art as a necessary part of advanced culture, believing that the best results would come from a union of the schools, proposed a merger, offering to defray the expense of putting the rooms already secured by the Art Students' Club in a part of the Buffalo Savings Bank, on the corner of Washington and Broadway, into a proper condition for a first-class art school, together with the casts and other belongings of the school hitherto kept by the Academy. The offer was accepted and about \$1,600 were spent by the Academy in the necessary alterations and improvements. Thus the two schools

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were united under the name of the Art Students' League. It has since found a permanent home under the wing of the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy, of which it constitutes an important, if not an official, part.

In these reminiscences the writer has been materially assisted by Mrs. Robert Fulton, for many years secretary of a kindred society, The Buffalo Society of Artists, herself an artist and writer. The following communication the writer takes pleasure in giving in her own language:

"The Art Students' League opened its classes January, 1892, with George Bridgeman as critic and instructor of the life and painting classes. The wisdom of this step has been long time demonstrated, its outcome the splendid art school in the Academy with an average of 300 students, and its various departments of Art and Crafts second to none in this country, the students taking a majority of the prizes offered by the New York League and other well-known institutes. Great credit should be given to Miss Helen Horton who, from the origin of the small art school, has aided and encouraged the organization in every way.

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“To Miss Mary B. W. Coxe, instructor for many years of the afternoon antique classes, is also due much of the success and high standing of the pupils of the Art School. She studied under Kenyon Cox, and was a favorite pupil of William Chase.”

This picture of the school, though glowing in color and replete with graceful handling, is in no material sense overdrawn. It is a well-arranged school with classes from the beginning of study. Drawing from the object, the antique as well as life, painting, composition, and modeling are all carefully taught by competent artists, and the results of a season's work as exhibited at the close are as creditable as those of the New York schools. Indeed, there is no reason why they should be relatively inferior, considering the ignorance of accepted beginners compared with the requirements for admission into the more advanced and older institutions, when the pupils are in the care of equally well-instructed artists. When we add to this other important studies in the department of Arts and Crafts, such as wood carving, designs for wall-paper, lace, leather embossment, jewelry, etc., it will be seen that the scope of the school takes in a field much

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needed in art,— for Art should embrace *beauty* of every kind. Every human production that contributes to our æsthetic sense, or the gratification of those wants of the soul that lie beyond the necessaries of life, should be classed as Fine Art, even though they do not aspire to the loftier reaches of the Muses.

Another important development of the spirit of art in our city was "The Society of Artists." This was the outcome of an informal talk in the studio of Mr. J. F. Brown, and subsequently took definite form in that of Mr. Farnham, where it was formally organized. It was named as above, The Society of Artists, and a constitution and by-laws adopted, with the following list of officers: President, James Francis Brown; vice-president, Ammi M. Farnham; secretary, Mark M. Maycock; treasurer, John Rother. It was decided that the exhibitions should consist of colored work only, but this was later modified by the additional admission of black and white, and sculpture. A council was also elected. The members were: Amos Sangster, Miss Rose Clark, Mrs. John Clark Glenny, Mr. George Bridgeman, and the officers of the society. Two exhibitions, one of paintings and sculpture and

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one of black and white, were held in the first year (1892). In January of the following year the society moved into the large room formerly occupied by the school, which the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy had invited it to make free use of, and here it remained till by the courtesy of the Academy suitable and commodious rooms were tendered and prepared for the society in the basement of the Albright Art Gallery.

From the beginning, The Society of Artists had been a popular institution. As its name implies, a large portion of its members are professionally engaged in art, but the greater majority of its 400 supporters are ladies and gentlemen in what is called society, lovers of the beautiful, whether in concrete form or its more subtile essence, served up by the instructive and eloquent speakers after the festive cup that inebriates not, and friendly exchanges of ideas on the topic touched on at stated occasions of the society's "at home."

On one of these festive occasions, when Mr. Reginald Coxe was its president, the writer was treated to a great surprise in the form of a magnificent silver loving cup bearing the following inscription:

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GIVEN TO

LARS GUSTAF SELLSTEDT

ON HIS 84<sup>TH</sup> BIRTHDAY

APRIL 30<sup>TH</sup>, 1903

BY HIS FRIENDS, OLD AND YOUNG,

WITH LOVE AND HONOR

That the success of the society is chiefly due to the active efforts of the intelligent ladies, of whom the larger number of members consists, goes without saying, and where all are entitled to credit, one name, that of Mrs. John Clark Glenny, should forever be held in florescent memory for the zeal and active assistance she has constantly exhibited, not only in this society but in the League, or Art School, of which she was in early days a student. Mrs. John Clark Glenny was elected president of The Society of Artists in 1894 and continued to hold that office until 1907. The same year, Mrs. Robert Fulton was made secretary and she, too, continues to give her valuable aid and influence in the office to which she was elected.

The society's rooms are artistically furnished. They contain a well-selected art library of about 500 bound volumes, besides all the best art

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magazines subscribed to by the society, the use of which are free to the members of the society and the members of the Art Students' League, for consultation, study, and reference. All is in charge of the assistant secretary, Mrs. Cleveland K. Horton, a cultivated lady, efficient, tactful, and polite, and of deserved popularity.

The society also has a "Board of Fellowship," and it is from the interest on that Fellowship fund that a prize is given annually for the picture selected by three of its members at the spring exhibition. During the winter, monthly receptions of The Society of Artists are held when works of its active members are exhibited. A Thumb Box exhibition of small sketches is also held each year in November.

The veracious historian of Buffalo's early art must not forget that in 1892 a small but select society, whose membership included professional artists, amateurs, and other intelligent lovers of art and soul enjoyment, was formed under the name of the "Bohemian Sketch Club." Its existence was brief and its demise probably due to lack of cohesion, or perhaps even to lack of fuel to feed the fires of genius, etc. Whatever the



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cause, it died, and its fires left not even smoldering embers.

Before the general interest in art had found vent, its study introduced into the public schools, and societies or clubs more or less pretentious and short-lived had been formed, it is pleasant to record the modest though persistent efforts to start the young beginner on the path supposed to lead to the temple of fame by Miss Chestnutwood, whose little institution has survived through the changes of decades. A mild approach to a school of art was the studio of the writer also, who in the early seventies admitted a few earnest young people as pupils. It thus became a small art-center. Here he attempted to instil into their minds broad views of their profession, while he did his best to guide them in its technique; especially were high ideals insisted upon, but the mechanical execution was left to the student's idiosyncracies and inceptions after the alphabet of art was learned.

Among those who honored him with their confidence it is gratifying to be able here to point out a few who have attained a mark far beyond mediocrity. Mr. Burr H. Nichols and Miss Annie I. Crawford have both acquired an

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envious reputation among those whose judgment is most entitled to value. Miss Crawford began her studies when she was thirteen years of age, and remained the writer's pupil for three years, when she left for Rome, completing there and also in Paris her European studies. She became deeply attached to the works of the Italian renaissance, and made many successful copies of works of that period, but never became an imitator of any; and on her return to America striking out for herself a new path in technique, the originality of which and the success she attained in it have deeply interested older artists.

As the writer proceeds in his study of the rising art spirit of the city, the field widens and the difficulty of tracing its ramifications becomes more apparent. Not only was the love of art, *per se*, increasing, but its uplifting influence in the home had begun to be acknowledged, and its necessity as a serious factor in broader culture realized. Its commercial value, too, was increasing, not only "as a thing of beauty and a joy forever" but as an adjunct to the press, whether in permanent or ephemeral literature.

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Whether the recent introduction of the daguerreotype and its rapid advance into photography has in the main been a valuable boon to an art worthy to be reckoned among the higher achievements of man may well be a moot point, but it is certain that as an educating element to the masses in design, whether in portraiture, genre, or landscape, it had a large share in opening their eyes to nature's truth and beauty, thus becoming more intelligent judges of the artists' work.

The ignorance of art prevailing in the early days of our Academy among some people of ordinary intelligence in other matters, illustrated by the following anecdote, would hardly be possible now: A well-dressed man called upon the writer, then superintendent of the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy, and informed him that his daughter had just completed a fine picture which she was willing to loan to the Gallery. Reading doubt, probably, in his countenance, the visitor assured him that it was a real fine picture, that the Academy would be glad enough to have. Being told that no picture would be received without previous inspection by the superintendent, he offered to bring it. The next

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day he came loaded with a large canvas intombed in a sheet. Having carefully unrolled its cerements, he stood the picture up against the wall, with full confidence of approval. One look was sufficient; he was told the Gallery does not want it. "Why not?" he gasped. "It is not good enough," was the reply. "Why is it not good enough?" was his next question. "Because it is not good at all, it is not original, it is not natural." "Is not that a good sky?" "Did you ever see a sky like that?" was asked. "No, but, you see, this is only a painted sky and of course it is not just like real." "Did you ever see trees like those or could you tell what trees they are meant for?" "No, but they are only painted trees." "Those horses, there?" (The picture was a copy of Gainsboro's "Crossing the Brook.") "Well," he said, "of course they don't look like real horses." "Now, you see for yourself that there is nothing natural about it. A picture should resemble nature to be a scene in nature." He said no more, and requesting that the canvas might remain till he came for it, he took his leave.

The discovery by Daguerre is still within the memory of the oldest among us. Only three-

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quarters of a century has elapsed since Morse, a portrait-painter and teacher of art in New York City, practically relinquished his easel for the study of two scientific subjects, one of which has made his name immortal. Both seem to have been nearly twin-born ideas of his brain, the magnetic telegraph and the practical development of Daguerre's discovery—two first links of a chain of surprises with which the latter half of the century was to be filled. They have banished time and space and forged imperishable chains which by common interest and enlightened public opinions have bound the great nations of the world together. Both rest on scientific ground, and while within one we recognize our kinship on earth, the other has enabled us to count the stars and study their history!

True, photography cannot project the poet's idea, nor construct the architect's plan, nor delineate the ideal cathedral of his imagination, but it can do what the type does for the author—render permanent the thought in the faithful reproduction of the artist's ideals; nay, live while nought of the temple but ruins remain, the statue destroyed, or the canvas rotten.

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Nevertheless, though it cannot justly be classed among the fine arts, in the hands of one of poetic sentiment it may be the means of true artistic expression, as is evidenced in some charming landscape work and even in portraiture.

Except in the school of Andrews, mentioned previously, little but portrait work was attempted in Buffalo at the earlier development of its art, and from him or his pupils came nothing worthy of the name, since all were copied from engravings, even though often agreeably colored. None were from out-of-door studies, or original. Wilgus had painted his "Ichabod Crane" in Morse's School at New York, and his noble attempts in landscape were never finished. All else of any note remembered was a clever genre picture by Le Clear till the arrival of W. H. Beard. The earliest landscapes from nature in the writer's memory were by Joseph Meeker, who struggled without much success with out-door nature on the wooded banks of Conjockey Creek, now a part of Forest Lawn, then Granger's Grove. Mr. Meeker soon moved to St. Louis, where in after years he blossomed out into quite a successful landscape

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artist and something of a leader of art in that city.

The natural scenery about Buffalo was little calculated to awaken interest in landscape, and the influence of Turner's poetic treatment of common nature, Corot's atmospheric marvelous subtleties, his broad and scientific treatment of her most beautiful if evanescent features, or even the less ideal products of the so-called Barbicon School, had not yet been made familiar to, or made the impression on, our art idea that recent and repeated European travel has done. It is scarcely too much to say that the arrival of Mr. Edward Moran in the early seventies gave the first real impetus to out-of-door work among our then resident artists, although some excellent interpretations of nature in landscape had been wrought by Mr. W. H. Beard a decade before, but they were generally studio pictures from memory or ideal compositions in connection with his domestic animals or imaginary denizens of out-of-door nature. Some others there were, but these works were not of sufficient interest to require mention.

For a long time the public lovers of art had been easily satisfied with the pabulum with

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which it was served in the obscure days of its decadence, while as yet there was no promise of the measures of excellence to which it might be brought by men of genius who dared to free themselves from the shackles of rules often deduced from the study of mediocre examples of the works of painters of greater or less celebrity. These men found in the study of Nature pure and simple, the guide to the true secret of her charms and her poetic value.

The liberty thus obtained gave rise to many diversities of manner of interpretation, according to the idiosyncrasy of the artist, though all claimed Nature as their mistress.

During the latter half of the nineteenth century the iconoclast has had his own way, the house has been refurnished, all old things relegated to a mental attic, never more to be uncovered from the dust of ages. Nor has art escaped this general house-cleaning; but while the intelligent observer admits that good has been done by this second renaissance, it ought not to be forgotten that in the general destruction of hoary idols some valuable ideals may have suffered. The reformer is seldom satisfied, he would be regenerator also; it is here he sometimes dis-



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plays lamentable ignorance of the first principles of art.

Sometimes a man of talent selects a new path which, in spite of its deviation from well-trod and established roads, may be a shortcut to a lovely aspect of nature's beautiful variety; but this requires a perfection of technique and keenness of observation possessed by few, and stamps its owner a man of genius, and it is the privilege of genius to make its own rules. In such cases the less-gifted imitator generally comes to grief. History tells us that the earliest attempts at art were decorative and descriptive, and though this is no place to trace its development into poetic significance, or its use in the service of religion as exhibited in most of the works of the so-called preraphaelite painters, attention may be called to their successors who discovered that the greatest art consisted in the true union of nature and poesy, the work of an exalted imagination, as shown in those of Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Michelangelo, and their contemporaries. These were the halcyon days of the humanists, when classical learning and art were in the ascendant and appreciated; days when gigantic intellect occupied itself

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with picture-making, architecture, sculpture, poesy, and the days that saw the birth of the Lord's Supper, the cartoons, the marvels of the Sistine Chapel; of Dante and of Shakespeare.

Not many years ago a brilliant philistine, little versed in plastic art, invented a catchword which has not, to say the least, been helpful to real art, though perhaps of no real injury, since its vagueness is equal to its brevity—"Art for art's sake"—though lacking in sense, the catchword has misled many a shallow brain into adopting it as almost a truism. Another poor artist, but clever writer, says, "Painting is not an intellectual pursuit." These both belong to the same category and may well be allowed to pass into the same limbo, for it is certain that artists worthy of the name are repudiating the heresy. No one who visits the public art exhibitions of any country will fail to note this. It is true that many pictures in some of our exhibitions of a few years ago gave a sort of sign of what may be termed atavism (a return to the darker days), but we are rapidly changing all that.

It was the good fortune of the writer to become acquainted with the late Edward Moran

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on a steamboat excursion on the Niagara River. Sketchbook in hand, he stood near the bow of the boat keenly noticing all invitations of the magnificent stream to pose for his pencil. Afterwards he concluded to spend some time in our city; and being offered the hospitality of the writer's house and studio, he proved during a part of the summer a delightful and companionable guest.

For various reasons, the Canadian side of the lake had become familiar, especially had an old dilapidated windmill standing near the lake shore on a rocky ledge, dominated by a picturesque sand-dune and a few scattered trees, seemed a good motive for a landscape, and this the writer and guest concluded jointly to investigate. There was at the time no public conveyance by which it could be reached, but the difficulty was solved by Mr. John Allen, then in charge of the Western Transportation Company, always a friend of art, who sent them up to Windmill Point on one of the company's tugs. Several sketches were made, and at least one large picture was painted by this distinguished artist. Mr. Farnham, then a pupil in the writer's studio, followed suit; and after the railroad

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skirting the shore was built and access made convenient, the place became a favorite camping-ground for many art students of Buffalo. Later, other motives were found, and the fashion of composing studio landscapes began to go into a deserved oblivion.

To this result contributed also the masterpieces in landscape which the increasing resources enabled the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy to possess, and which became concrete proofs to the earnest art student that our common nature, if seen through true artistic eyes, could furnish every needed motive to the highest reaches of art.

Story-telling art, much favored by artists of the earlier days of the century, though not extinct, has ceased to be popular. It is now almost wholly in the hands of the illustrator of books and magazines, where it has become an almost necessary adjunct, often requiring the intelligence and skill of artists of the first class. When, however, the painter invents his own story, or expresses his own poetic ideals, in the best of technique with nature's proper environments studied direct from the fountain head, whether in studio or *plein-air*, with proper

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chiaroscuro and color-value, his work will be duly appreciated, though it may lack the celebrated signature so highly valued by the collector.

Water-colors, especially when they seek to vie with oil in realism, have a charm of their own, delicately suggestive to the receptive mind of the soul of Nature, leaving the imagination at liberty to complete the pictures. As yet but little of this has taken root in our city, but there are happy signs that even this refinement of art may not be long wanting.

Portrait-painting has always been prominent over other art in our city. Perhaps with the old pictorial writings, and merely decorative work, it was one of the earliest efforts in human evolution towards the ideal. At least the remains of the most cultured nations of antiquity go far to indicate that this may have been the fact.

In a city as young as Buffalo, men were too busy with its material growth to give themselves to intangible and artistic study; but in the absence of present mechanical or scientific methods of perpetuating their identity, the limner's art was the only means to employ; and thus, not only was occupation given the artist,

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but it enabled him, nay, compelled him, to use that close study which has not only led to the best of portraits, but furnished him the needed deftness of hand and acquaintance with the subtleties of color and light and shade and values necessary for the production of larger, and, to him, more important works.

Although the art of some of our early portrait-painters has not been eclipsed by their successors, a general advance cannot be questioned; to this improved condition, credit is greatly due the excellent teaching of our Academy school, where some of our most prominent men and women began their studies. There Dufner and Wilcox received their first instructions in art. There, too, began Mrs. Glenny and Mrs. Cary, both good portrait-painters. The portrait painted by Mrs. Charles Cary of her friend, the late Charlotte Mulligan, he remembers as wonderfully true, a sad poem full of love and resignation and looking as if painted through tears. Miniature painting, which since the discovery of Daguerre seems for many years to have gone out of fashion, has of late had a revival. With the exception of Mr. Dickinson, referred to above, the writer can recall

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none practicing this art in Buffalo till the arrival of Miss Clara Sackett from her studies in Europe. Her excellent work in this direction is well known and recognized. Mrs. Kindlund, a talented young woman native to Buffalo, has lately devoted her time to miniatures also, and with much success, having by her exhibited work in New York attracted the attention of the metropolitan art critics by a departure from the common in her technique, giving her pictures a charm of their own.

Engraving, to a limited extent and chiefly for commercial purposes, was practiced under the auspices of the *Courier* Company by Mr. Benjamin Vanduzee, who also had studied portrait-painting under Mr. Wilgus and others. Later, a good deal of attention was given to etching on copper. Mr. Sangster, mentioned heretofore, having produced a series of interesting views of the surroundings about Lake Erie and Niagara River. Mr. Farnham also did some etching besides his landscape painting while resident here.

When the bequest of the late Mr. Jesse Ketchum in regard to medals and testimonials for the public schools was to be executed by his

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executors, the late Bishop A. Cleveland Coxe and the testator's son-in-law, the writer was requested to furnish the drawings from which the medal was to be cut. As there existed no portrait or photograph of the testator except in full face, and a profile likeness being required, the task was far from easy, but in the end proved a success, the writer having been well acquainted with the old gentleman. The reverse was suggested by the bishop and consisted in a youth receiving light from the city represented by a young lady in Greek costume. The engraving of the testimonial was confided to the American Bank Note Company, the medal was cut at the mint in Philadelphia, Mr. J. N. Larned and the writer being commissioned to go to New York and Philadelphia to make the necessary arrangements. This little jaunt is marked as a white day, since in it was confirmed a friendship for life with one of Buffalo's most valued citizens.

The history of the art of color-printing, at present in vogue in book-making, is part of the "art preservative of all arts," and does not properly belong to the initial object of these reminiscences; but the writer feels justified in



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calling attention to its intelligent development in the office of the *Buffalo Express*, under the present owners and directors. Special notice is due to the ingenious inventions of Mr. Matthews of a sort of tabulated direction as to the values and harmonious disposition of colors which enables the workman to arrive at something very near perfection; but, of course, this is a subject for a whole volume and can only be hinted at here.

In the same connection it may be of interest to the public to recall the enormous quantity of show printing in the *Courier* establishment in Mr. Warren's time, when that plant produced a moiety at least of all the artistic show-bills in the United States, doing nearly all of Barnum's requirements of that nature, besides printing his book.

Another subject of Buffalo's art may here be noticed—the beautiful postal advertisements designed by several of our women artists.

Architecture as a fine art was one of the luxuries the inhabitants of Western New York seem to have chosen to dispense with altogether. The early traveler on the Erie Canal might now and then behold, as the boat leisurely

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pursued its way, a glittering spire of a church or the cupola of a courthouse radiant in brand-new tin, but this was the only tribute of respect paid the noble art. Nor need one carp at that, for ornate architecture must wait for material prosperity even though the development of the higher qualities of our mind may recognize its desirability. Here and there in Buffalo, however, might be seen some feeble attempts to go beyond absolute necessity: a Greek portico with pediment and columns of wood occasionally broke the monotony of the square boxes which our forefathers thought good enough for all practical uses. Some of the churches also bore evidence of the desire for better things. Perhaps, in the earliest years of the fortieth decade, the old St. Louis Church, a romanesque brick building, was the most entitled to notice in this respect. Its interior, too, had the arrangement and air of an old-country Catholic church, and the writer remembers well with what pleasure he enjoyed the sight of a fine copy of Ruben's "Descent from the Cross" on one of its walls. He has later, when more capable of judging of the merits of a work of art, sat through the whole morning service in the cathedral of Antwerp in full view

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of the original, with senses filled with music and incense, all calculated to raise the soul to its highest pitch; but he doubts if he got more real enjoyment from that noble picture than the copy in St. Louis Church used to give him in his time of ignorance.

Old Trinity was an attempt at Greek style, and Doctor Lord's old church on Genesee and Pearl streets, a sort of nondescript in a similar style, though elliptical in form, thought to be in accord with the reverend pastor's own architectural ideas. Doctor Johnson's cottage, somewhat original in form and structure, was not without a certain picturesque prettiness. The First Methodist Church on the site now occupied by the Masonic Temple on Niagara Street was an ugly stone structure without pretense to architectural suggestion, though later a bell-tower was added, which was afterwards destroyed by lightning.

The building of St. John's Church, in 1846, brought to the notice of the writer two competing architects residing in the city, Messrs. Calvin N. Otis and Henry G. Harrison. Both presented plans for the church, and that of the former was accepted, perhaps because it was

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more simple and would cost less. A large hotel now covers the ground on the southeast corner of Swan and Washington streets, "*sic transit.*" The church was never a handsome edifice, and in time was thought to be badly located by some of its congregation, a division of which took place, and the wealthier part built on Delaware Avenue, uniting afterwards with Trinity's congregation, which also had outgrown their old quarters. The remaining part of St. John's congregation could not afford to keep up the church and sold it, to move up-town also.

In the course of a few years Mr. Harrison, after having built some of the better class of residences, left for New York, where his talents found more scope. He was an Englishman of decided imagination, a well-informed man, although somewhat eccentric. He afterwards became the architect of Mr. Stewart's Memorial Church on Long Island.

Mr. Otis joined the army in defense of the Union as captain of volunteers, and at its conclusion made his home in Cuba, N. Y., where he died.

Perhaps the earliest example in Buffalo of architecture worthy of the name was the new

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St. Paul's, by Mr. Upjohn, the architect of Trinity Church in New York, though this, in point of fact, is not a part of our city's art, since it, as also the St. Joseph's Cathedral with its beautiful historic windows, were the work of artists who did not claim Buffalo as their home; still they are both noble proofs of the increasing art spirit of our city even in its youthful days. The increase of wealth that has made possible the present appearance of the city was then scarcely dreamt of by the most hopeful. Meantime the few architects the city boasted of did what they could to foster the desire for more beauty in new private dwellings, or in improvements in the older ones. There lived in the city a couple of architects, the Brothers Rose, who with many oddities of manner were credited with superior knowledge in their profession, which they diligently pursued when they were not fishing on Black Rock pier. They were English, as also was Mr. Ferguson, the architect of Mr. Fargo's house and several other mansions of the same style, now so manifestly out of date. Later came Mr. Waite, a well-appointed artist, and still later some of our own young students returned from the Parisian school with excellent

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training and brimful of new ideas. Young Marlin died early; but we still have the brothers Kent, Edward and William, the latter being now a member of an important firm in New York; George Cary, and Green & Wicks, the architects of the Albright Art Gallery, home of the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy, still in active business and constantly employed in their profession. To these may be added Mr. Edgar A. P. Newcomb, to whose genius the city owes some of its finest residences; and doubtless there are many others of equal acquirements not personally known to the writer.

As the city continued to grow in popularity and wealth a gradual improvement in its appearance became marked. New buildings of a better type took the places of the old utilitarian structures; but it was not till a new generation had risen, and the city's commercial advantages had brought new blood full of vigor and enterprise, that a marvelous change in its appearance was wrought. A recent traveler has placed Buffalo only second to Washington in beauty among all the cities of the United States; and who, after having leisurely walked along Delaware Avenue on a bright midsummer day,

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will dispute his dictum? Civic pride boils over in beholding the generous gift of Mr. Albright, not only for the fact that we have among us so liberal a friend to art, but also for the possession of that noble palace of marble—that beautiful suggestion of the halcyon days of Greece—which is the work of our own home architects!

The times have indeed changed! No longer will wealth entrust the building of its home to the common builder. The artist's idea is now invoked, and instead of mere utility to satisfy necessities, beautiful villas nestle ivy-draped in graceful verdure throughout many residence districts; and even the humbler homes of our hard-working bread-winners in the remoter parts of the city bear witness to an awakened love of the beautiful, which fairly justifies the saying that Buffalo is a city of happy homes.

## V

IT has been thought best not to interrupt the narrative of Buffalo's art development by personals, but as history cannot be complete without its human interest, a few pages will be devoted to reminiscences of the lives and characteristics of some artists and promoters of the art spirit of our city.

Among the early lovers and devotees of art, none was more enthusiastic than the late Frederick Young of Williamsville. True, few of the present generation who were acquainted with him knew him as an artist, for it was only in youth and early manhood that he thought of adopting art as a profession. Failing health, which could only be arrested by out-of-door life and occupation, compelled the relinquishment of his beloved art studies; he laid aside his palette and brushes to take up the material life of a farmer, but though he managed fairly well a fine farm inherited from his father, who probably had small sympathy with his son's ideals, his whole soul protested against a bucolic or pastoral life.

In point of fact, his ego lived in a dreamland



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of the beautiful, whether expressed in poesy, music, nature, or art. The writer, who fully enjoyed his friendship, will ever remember him as one of the gentlest and loveliest of men. His farm at Williamsville was at all times an hospitable resort for artists, people of culture, and men of science, for, not only was his home situated in a grove of magnificent trees pleasing to the eye, but in the limestone quarries on his farm and that of his elder brother was to be found much to interest the latter class; every stone was a tale from a world existing eons before the appearance of man. Here were fossils found nowhere else; here once lived and died the eurypteris; and here now was the ever-obliging owner ready to aid his scientific friends in finding the coveted treasures.

When the labors of the day were ended, it was touching to behold the artist-farmer (for artist he was in his soul notwithstanding the crass out-of-door duties) on his veranda in muddy boots and overalls, with his numerous and delightful family and intimate friends, just as he came from attending to the needs of his cattle and chickens, seated with his beloved guitar, tenderly touching its strings in accordance with

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his sweet and mellow voice, his magnificent black eyes courting the coming stars, while singing Moore's melodies, and other pathetic records of the heart, among which the faint echo of "Meet Me by Moonlight Alone" still lingers in the writer's memory. Ah! it is not long since his gentle spirit, after an earthly pilgrimage of three score years and ten, was permitted to join the angelic choir which was probably seldom absent from his inward senses, and which, perhaps, often caused him to forget everything.

There are artists who cannot paint, poets that cannot express "fine phrensy," idealists who fail in practice, delightful companions in all sorts of clever workers. Mr. Young was an eminent example of this class, and thus it was that to the company of cultivated people of the finest fiber he was ever a welcome addition.

The writer first made his acquaintance through Mr. Thomas Le Clear, with whom he was on the friendliest of footing. The meeting with Mr. Le Clear as an artist has been already described, but a few words of respect to his memory as a man are justly due.

The name suggests a French origin. The writer has no data at hand as to where the family

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came from, but it is believed that it was of Canadian origin. At any rate, there was about Mr. Le Clear, personally, much that pointed to the best traits of the French characteristics. This idea was, perhaps, in part, suggested by his slight and agile figure and polish of manner, which made him conspicuous. In reality, whatever his origin, he was ever a model American gentleman in every respect. A sincere and reliable friend, and, though a good hater when he thought his cause good, he never permitted his dislike to another artist to warp his judgment of his work or descend to ignoble detraction. While the writer and he were looking at a portrait by a man he deeply disliked, after carefully examining the picture he broke out, "Damn him, I hate him, but it is good." He was a fair critic of other men's work, and always ready to point out the best in it.

When Mr. Le Clear arrived in Buffalo with his young wife and a six-months-old daughter, he for a while occupied a modest home in the lower part of the town on Carroll Street; but in time he was able to buy a small house on Franklin Street, a much more desirable locality, where his neighbors were among the most

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respected in the city, and where he could gather around him his family and enjoy the comforts of a home suitable to his refined personality.

Here his hospitality was unbounded and in this he was fully sustained by his wife, a highly cultivated lady of excellent family. There was no more desirable home to visit than theirs. The writer recalls an instance of Mr. Le Clear's "hospitable intent" which tried his patience, but which was borne with admirable equanimity. An old artist who had wealthy admirers in the city was invited to paint the portraits of some of them. As Mr. M. was an old gentleman, Mr. Le Clear invited him to make his home with him during his stay, as he thought he could make him more comfortable than he would be at a hotel. He accepted, and the best spare room was allotted to his use, and his meals were taken with the family. The old artist brought with him a guitar on which he used to play in the evenings and at other leisure times. Being an old bachelor of an unsocial disposition, the growing children sometimes were an annoyance to him, and caused him to frequently grumble and find fault. This was bravely borne until he was ready to leave, when he asked for his account. The

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poor man's home was in a part of New England where free entertainment of strangers was uncommon, and doubtless his surprise was great when he found that he could not pay, having been an invited guest. Mr. Le Clear, in speaking to the writer about it, exclaimed, "H——! did he think I kept a boarding house?"

Later, after the writer's visit to Europe, in 1854, on his arrival in Buffalo, Mr. Le Clear extended an invitation to him to stay at his home until he could get settled, and one of the pleasantest fortnights in his life was enjoyed there.

At this time Mr. William H. Beard was preparing to go to Europe for improvement in his art, and as he thought a little French would come in handy he concluded to take up its study. A class was accordingly formed at Le Clear's house, consisting of Le Clear, Beard, Miss Carrie Le Clear, Miss Flora Johnson, and the writer, Mr. Malhoubis being the teacher. The results were not great, though Manesca was faithfully studied most of the winter.

One of Mr. Le Clear's most frequent visitors at this time was Mr. Albert Brisbane, then living at Batavia. He made it a regular practice of

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coming there to dinner when in Buffalo, keeping a bottle of claret for his special use in their side-board. Sometimes he remained and gave talks or lectures on the higher art of the great masters, with which he seemed as familiar as if he had lived with them. These lectures were, to those who had not seen the originals (and none of his audience had yet seen them), very interesting, as he spoke with the full assurance of a master of the subject.

The writer met Mr. Brisbane and his family at Paris many years later, when the old philosopher informed him that he was about to publish one of the (if not the) greatest books ever written. It must have died at birth, at least the writer never saw or heard of it since.

After Mr. Le Clear moved to New York, as mentioned elsewhere, he was elected a member of the National Academy of Design, and became celebrated for the strength, color, and excellent qualities of his portraits. He painted the portraits of a large number of the country's most distinguished citizens, such as the poet Bryant, Professor West, etc. A magnificent full-length portrait of General Grant was the last important work from his easel that the writer remembers

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to have seen. His somewhat sudden and unexpected death, in his sixty-fourth year, took place in Rutherford, N. J., where, after a second marriage, he had lived.

One evening in the autumn of 1851, a concert was given at what was then called the Concert Hall (perhaps the *Courier* building now covers the site on Main Street). Here the writer, accompanied by a lady, was patiently waiting for the commencement of the programme, they the while in happy admiration of a couple of very pretty young ladies, a blond and a brunette, seated directly in front of them. The arrangement of the hall was such that the little stage was near the entrance, so that every comer was plainly seen by the audience. Just before the beginning of the concert, a tall and remarkably handsome man with abundant flowing chestnut curls, which evidently had never known the barber's shears, on a head held high with a sort of defiant hauteur, entered. He wore a befrogged sort of talma, not without considerable sign of wear, and in his hand he carried a stout and curiously formed stick, more like a defensive weapon than the support of a gentleman. His appearance provoked a whispered remark by

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the writer to his companion: "That man thinks himself an artist."

The following day, while struggling with the details of "The Anointing of David," a somewhat daring historical subject for an ignorant tyro in art (though ignorance is often the father of success, "but that's another story"), a knock at the door, with a cheery "Come in," brought a lady friend and with her the identical mystery of the concert. "Mr. Sellstedt, permit me to introduce to you my friend and cousin, Mr. Beard, the artist I spoke to you about the other day." Imagine the surprise of the writer, and the pleasure he felt when he realized that his judgment of the night before was wholly at fault. Instead of a proud upstart, he found him modest and with every mark of a cultivated gentleman, who took a kind interest in the writer's work, even to approval; a sort of love-at-first-sight and a friendship that was unbroken until his death four decades later, when the writer had the mournful satisfaction of bidding him the last good-bye, a few days before the sad event.

It did not take Mr. Beard long to become the favorite of Buffalo's best society, in which he



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finally married. His choice chanced to fall upon the brunette beauty before mentioned, though at the time of the concert they had never met. This was Flora Johnson, a granddaughter of the first mayor of Buffalo, and cousin of the late Miss Louise Wilkeson. This union, favored by all and of happiest augury, was unfortunately of short duration, for his beautiful partner only lived about nine months, dying, after a short illness, of a violent attack of peritonitis. The writer believes that it was at Mr. Le Clear's house the acquaintance began. At all events, as she was a member of the French class there, it is fair to suppose that these occasions were favorable to his love.

William Holbrook Beard was born in Painesville, Ohio, where his father, a former merchant-ship captain, had settled with his family, moving thither from Buffalo, where he had lived some time in business. His eldest son, James H. Beard, well-known and deservedly popular among all who came in contact with him, and who was celebrated for his genius and skill among his professional brethren, was born in Buffalo ten years before his younger brother, who doubtless owed much of his facility as a

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painter to his brother's example and instruction, though it does not appear that he was his regular pupil.

As James Beard, owing to his removal from Buffalo in early boyhood, does not figure in its early art, the writer regretfully leaves him out as an actor in this little drama; but tradition says that when a boy he made a drawing on paper of the first steamboat on Lake Erie, the redoubtable "Walk in the Water," built on the banks of the Niagara River.

It appears from what the writer learned from random conversation that William Beard must have divided his time pretty equally between painting and roaming alone in the woods near his native town and neighboring villages, for his knowledge of natural history was extensive, and the details of the forest had become so familiar that he rarely if ever had need of special study in his landscape homes for the animal nature he so loved to paint.

Mr. Beard moved from Buffalo in 1862, soon after his return from Dusseldorf and Rome, where he had spent some time in study. The fact that he was elected associate academician the same year proves that his standing as

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an artist was duly acknowledged among his "co-mates."

Of his genius there can be among artists but one opinion; but, ah! there is always a but—this time, curiously enough, it was too great facility. Nearly everything he did was done with ease; not needing models, he seldom used them; his ideals were animals with human souls, and, of course, he must create them. This he did, and well. And he always *created*. Many successful painters have to find names for their pictures after they are finished, not so Mr. Beard. He never put his hand to a clean, new canvas without having in his mind the clear idea he wished to embody by his art, and the name of the picture was usually announced in advance of the first touch.

There is always, or nearly always, something in the make-up of a self-educated man, and Beard really belonged to that class, at least professionally, even though he may have gained some practical knowledge of the art by the example of his brother when watching him paint. But these opportunities must have been very infrequent, as his brother's work took him to many different cities in the Southern States,

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where he painted many portraits, and where his popularity was great. Almost every person who has not in his youth had the advantage of a college course feels the want of it, even though in the main his career may have been a success. There are things which must be learned in early youth or not at all. This is true, to some extent, in letters and in science, but especially so when success depends on deftness and education of the senses. The hand and eye of the successful painter requires the same early training in his practice as do the ears and nimble fingers of a Paderewski in music to do full justice to a God-given genius. Here the writer is practically and even painfully aware that he touches no uncertain notes. Early and painstaking study with persistency is the only way to do full justice to innate genius.

Perhaps a lack of this early training may have stood in the way of a full expression of Mr. Beard's natural powers, but none who knew him well could doubt the greatness that was in him, and that with equal advantages he would have had few superiors. Confessed without rival in his chosen field, there were those, too, who regretted that, instead of devot-

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ing his life to poetical-animal paintings, he had not chosen a humanitarian field for his talents; but to paint men and women with success requires much training, such as Sargent, Abbey, and their equals have had in youth. Even Sir Joshua Reynolds lamented his early lack of academic training.

Some of Mr. Beard's works which exhibit his peculiar talent are the property of the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy, to which he also presented a large number of original charcoal drawings intended for illustrations to a book of unique character, the literary part to be short poems or other brief sketches by the most distinguished literary and scientific men of our country, many of whom had promised him their aid, but this fell through for reasons not necessary to mention here.

Probably one of his best works, if not his chief one, is owned by the Buffalo Club, through the generosity of the late Mr. William G. Fargo. The whereabouts of one of his most celebrated pictures, "Bears on a Bender," for which he received \$6,000, is unknown to the writer.

One of Beard's characteristics was unfavorable

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to the continuance of the success he might have had (but that's to his honor), which was an unyielding opposition to what he deemed wrong, or in the least degree dishonorable; he seemed without ability to compromise in his judgment between what he considered duty and the contrary. Without being a religious bigot, he must have inherited traits from his Scotch forefathers akin to those which are generally attributed to the old Covenanters. This brought detractors and adverse criticism of his work among the younger men whose art-ideas were formed by a few months study in the schools of Paris, and who were wholly incapable of understanding the real spirit of his work. Besides, fashion had changed; although it seems strange that there should be a fashion in art, but so it is.

Mr. Beard's talent in drawing without models, by which he was able to make very clever pen-and-ink sketches, was of great advantage to him in the illustration of a book on "Motion in Art," published not long before his death. At his decease he left a manuscript volume of verse, being a humorous comment on the faults and weaknesses of men in general, which is yet unpublished.

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The survivor of this fraternal trio, who is now writing this contribution to the history of Buffalo's art, has already in his autobiography, "From Forecastle to Academy," made unnecessary further account of his own life or doings, and his labors in behalf of the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy are sufficiently ventilated in their proper places, but truth to history requires that he should add a line on a subject not yet mentioned, as it illustrates the greed for art knowledge among the ladies of the city hinted at above.

In the winter of 1874, a ladies' art club was formed, composed of some of the most cultivated social women of the city. An invitation was given to the writer to prepare a course of art lectures to be delivered at their houses in which their evening meetings were held. Drawing, composition, chiaroscuro, color, and even architecture, were commented on in these somewhat venturesome attempts to give the writer's opinions and what knowledge he had amassed in the study of art, and particularly what he had learned in his recent six months stay in Europe, notably in London, Paris, Florence, Venice, and Rome.

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Later visits to Europe and a more careful study of the works of the so-called *great* masters of the renaissance has convinced him that the epithet is justly applied to those in the first rank, if ever men deserved it. It has become the fashion of some of our recent art critics to dim the luster of their fame and works in the glare of the lime-light of realism, inimical alike to every form of poetic art.

In these remarks on high art no disparagement to any of its lower forms are intended, neither does the writer deny his pleasure and delight in clever *handling* or of intelligent modes of making a picture attractive, as he knows too well the pleasure of an harmonious and successful touch, that marks the master, to despise a fine technique; but he would like to remind the reader that all the excellence of an academic learning may be present and yet the work convey no greater pleasure to the mind than a heavy and well-constructed sermon by a dull preacher, brimful of logic and without a grammatical flaw. There is a poem in every phase of nature to the sympathetic soul, and it is that which every successful landscape should echo to the heart. Of what is here meant, the pictures of Turner,



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Corot, and perhaps, more than either, the best of Claude Lorraine, and our own dear George Innes, are fair illustrations.

Great art does not consist of lines, color, deft touches of the brush, or other skilled means of producing picturesque effects, but in the uplifting of an idea, giving to crass nature a halo of beauty and spiritual signification, such as may be found in the works of Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, Corregio, Titian, Tintoretto, and others, their peers in the Italian schools.

These men knew how to combine the greatest skill with poetic or religious aspirations, prominently exemplified in the works of the greatest of them all in breadth of genius and lofty thought, whether as architect, sculptor, or painter, and who out of the real created the sublime, leaving St. Peter's Cathedral his Moses, and on the walls and ceiling of the Sistine Chapel everlasting proof of greatness.

While, in the winter of 1875, the writer was absorbing these ideas among the art-treasures of Europe, he had left his studio to the care and use of a younger artist friend in whom he had taken great interest, believing him to be possessed of more than ordinary talents. This was

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Hamilton Hamilton, whose subsequent career in New York, where he later established himself, justified this belief, as he soon after became the fourth member of the National Academy of Design that Buffalo had furnished. Mr. Hamilton is the son of an English farmer who came to America and settled with his family on a farm in Livingston County, near Portage, whose son and daughter both seem to have been artistically gifted, for his sister is, or was when the writer made her acquaintance, accomplished in music. Her brother, younger than she, began his art studies before they left England, in Oxford, near which city they were born. While a boy of fifteen, he copied some pictures by Turner in the University's museum. There his penchant was, at the first, for landscape; and here he has shown much ability and great deftness in the use of the brush with excellent knowledge of composition and truth to nature. His work in New York, however, has been varied. Even portraits strong in character have come from his easel, but a larger part of his work there has been of mixed character, such as pastoral homes in spring with blossoming fruit trees, and even in-door compositions of domestic character. His

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largest canvas, "The Valley of Fountains," painted in the writer's studio from studies made in the Rocky Mountains, where he and Mr. J. Harrison Mills spent some time in the earlier seventies, he presented to the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy. Mr. Hamilton is a first-class etcher also. In this department of art his delicate and certain touch in drawing has stood him in stead. The writer is the happy possessor of two of his largest upright landscape etchings, which he thinks as good as anything of that nature with which he is familiar. He has not met Mr. Hamilton for many years. When he lived in Buffalo he was noted for his gentle ways and simple courtesy, being generally abstracted; and while at work he was wholly absorbed and careless of the present as well as the future, but quick of apprehension, appreciative, and grateful for any little service rendered.

Another of Buffalo's artists who should be mentioned among the younger men who studied art as a profession was the son of the late Rt. Rev. Bishop Coxe, then residing in the city. Mr. Reginald Coxe had given up other studies for painting, choosing for his field marine subjects, such as smaller crafts, fishing boats, etc. A

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certain intelligent abandon also in dealing with the angry breakers of the rocky shores of Gloucester, Massachusetts, which he often studied, gave promise of success as a marine painter; but after his removal from Buffalo, the writer has lost track of him, which renders him uncertain in regard to his present work. For a while he was a pupil of Hamilton, from whom he learned much in etching, an art in which he acquired considerable advance. One of his paintings, owned by the Saturn Club, "The Lost Chord," proves him possessed of poetic feeling.

After his return from New York, where he had spent some years, he took a deep interest in the Society of Artists, of which he once was a very active member. While in New York, Mr. Coxe exhibited a large canvas, an uncommon view of the Niagara Falls, which was, perhaps, his most successful effort.

Among those who have devoted their life to art in Buffalo, the writer can point to none more in earnest although in a financial point of view without measurable success, or even artistic reputation, than Henry Lee Brent. A constant and faithful student of out-door Nature and painful endeavor to fix her beauties on canvas,

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he has not succeeded in interesting art-lovers in his work. This may be owing largely to his manner of using pigments; trying to be absolutely truthful, he succeeds only in part, seldom making his work attractive. He has painted many landscapes from the scenes around the Genesee Valley, being to all appearances a sincere admirer of its grandeur, without making others see in any degree, as he himself probably saw, their beauties. Nor does this deficiency appear to be the effect of ignorance, for he is an intelligent and cultivated gentleman; there may be some defect in vision, for once in a while he shows that he has a good knowledge of the requirements of composition and values in colors. The writer owns a small landscape by this artist, bought for a modest sum, but which he values far beyond its purchase price.

Mr. Brent is now an old man, delicate in sentiment, modest, patient—a true Christian in deed and character, with just the degree of pride which makes it difficult for friends to render him the assistance he may sometimes need. He lives alone, apparently contented in his work. His father having been attaché to the American ministry at Madrid in Spain, was married there

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to a lady of the country; and afterwards was appointed consul at Lisbon, where his son was born. Mr. Brent speaks the best of Spanish, is fluent in French, and has a superior general education. He was possessed of some patrimony when he came to our city some time in the seventies, but if it has not altogether disappeared, it is greatly lessened at this time.\*

Mr. J. Harrison Mills was born at Bowmansville near Buffalo. He has lately returned to the city and is in active occupation, being a man of many parts, painter, sculptor, poet, soldier, and in his younger years while studying the grandeur of the Rocky Mountain scenery found occupation, or amusement, in dispensing justice to his Western fellow citizens.

Of the contributors to Buffalo's art furnished by the city of Lockport, Mr. Raphael Beck also deserves honorable mention. Mr. Beck's early works had much tendency to the ideal. It was he, too, whose nimble fancy provided the Pan-American with its symbol in artistically uniting the continents by fanciful human figures. He has later turned his attention to portraits.

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\* Since this was written he has peacefully joined the great majority.  
*Requiescat in pace.*

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In his youth, the late Rev. George L. Chase, also of Lockport, seemed to have had ideas of devoting himself to art, taking a studio in our city, though he later studied divinity and took orders. His early death was greatly lamented. Mr. Chase's love of art seems to have descended to his daughter, who studied in the Buffalo Academy's school, and by taking a prize there gained a scholarship in the League school of New York. Afterwards she studied with Tarbell in Boston and her excellent work in portraits gives promise of a distinguished future.

Another artist whose career dates from this period is Mr. Frank Penfold. Born in Lockport, he probably received early instructions in art from his father, who was a successful portrait-painter, but he studied in Paris, where he soon became so prominent that one of his pictures in the salon was purchased by the French Government to be sent, as is their custom, to become permanent property of some remote public gallery. Mr. Penfold generally spends his time in Pont Aven, and though he has almost expatriated himself, still continues to be a friend of the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy, where one of his most important works has found a home.

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Mr. Albert Bigelow has been mentioned before as a sweet singer in early home concerts of the city. He studied for the ministry in the Presbyterian Church, became ordained and for many years was a pastor of that denomination in Silver Creek, N. Y. Increasing deafness caused him to relinquish his pastorate and study the art of painting. This he did under the instruction of Mr. Carpenter of New York and became a fairly successful portrait painter, leaving many acceptable specimens of his work here and elsewhere. Some are now the property of the Buffalo Historical Society. Mr. Bigelow was a born Buffalonian, and one of the most beautiful characters, morally, intellectually, and socially, that ever was native to the soil.

Thus far, Mr. Charles Caryl Coleman is the best and most universally known of native Buffalonians who adopted art as a profession. It has already been said that in boyhood he took lessons in painting from Mr. Andrews. These he later supplemented in Mr. W. H. Beard's studio, where for a short time he was a pupil. His subsequent studies were in Paris and Rome, where he eventually settled as a full-fledged artist, being a close friend and companion of Elihu Vedder and



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other painters of high order. When the war for the Union broke out, his patriotism brought him back, as it did other artists, to take his part in the defense of the Union. He became attached to a regiment near Charleston in the earlier part of the war, and there received, while on duty, a wound which incapacitated him from further service, and for which he still has a lieutenant's pension. He now makes his home on the Island of Capri in a beautiful villa of his own, and from which he sends the works from his easel—works of great beauty—which are highly appreciated by art lovers, not only in the United States but in England and other European countries. One of his most charming pictures, a moonlight view of the village or town of Capri, bought by the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy, loses nothing in beauty and dignity by being hung on the walls of the Albright Gallery among its choicest treasures. Another of his important works is the property of the Buffalo Club. Charles Caryl Coleman is yet a young man at seventy, and, as he is in full vigor, much may yet be expected from his hand.

In this connection, another artist of acknowledged merit, at present making his home near

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his friend Mr. Coleman, in that charmed isle, who for a few years had his studio here, is Mr. William Graham, who was born in New York City, and in his boyhood was one of those who in 1849 sought fortune in California, making the long voyage to San Francisco in company with many others in a sailing vessel. There he seems, after the usual vicissitudes of adverse luck, to have learned watch-making and to make jewelry, but even this was not destined to be his life-work. He studied art, turning his attention to the scenery near or adjacent to San Francisco. Later, he sought for motifs in Europe, Italy and France by preference. Later still, he found material for his brush in Egypt, where in Cairo and its neighborhood he made most excellent and interesting studies. He finally settled in Venice, where he married a beautiful lady belonging to a decayed noble family. While living there he became a friend of Whistler, who, with all his failings and vagaries, seems to have been willing to recognize the high value of his art; though, as to that, there never was but one opinion among well-trained artists as to Mr. Graham's standing; his fidelity to Nature in her various phases is remarkable. On

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the death of his wife, he tried to find solace by returning to his native land, but his long residence in Italy and the friends there caused him to return to make his home, as before stated, near his friends in Isola da Capri.

Among those who were not artists by profession, but whose interest in art was pronounced, Mr. William C. Cornwall deserves particular notice in connection with Buffalo's development in the fine arts. By profession Mr. Cornwall is a banker, and even while devoting much, if not all, of his spare time to amateur painting, was president of one of the city's banks. Genial, liberally endowed by nature and with a cultured mind, he was a valuable friend to the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy, where as a member of its executive board he was one of the most active, and whose advice in matters of art was always respectfully received and generally acted upon. As chairman of its Art School he was ever alive to its interests. Although an amateur, he often devoted himself to public decorative works on walls, actually doing with his own hands the work belonging to the skilled wall decorators. After the decease of his charming and beautiful wife, Mr. Cornwall

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moved from Buffalo, to the regret both of friends and the lovers of art.

In this connection it is a pleasure to note the deep interest taken by Mr. Carleton Sprague and his lovely wife in the higher forms of art. The poetic trend of Mr. Sprague's mind is readily in touch with the best in art and his services in its behalf are of the utmost value.

Much of the earlier success of the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy was due to the newspaper press of the city. Not only the *Courier*, through Mr. Joseph Warren's friendly personal assistance, printing the Gallery catalogues for six cents per copy (sold at the desk of the exhibition rooms for twenty-five cents), which was a considerable source of its much-needed income, and devoting whole sides of the paper to the poems and long addresses, comments, eulogies of pictures, often written by the superintendent, to help along and induce visitors to drop their twenty-five cents into the Gallery coffers. Not alone to the *Courier* but to all the other daily papers, the most grateful acknowledgment is due for their boundless liberality to the infant enterprise. Besides, for the regular advertisements only half price was charged,

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and all sorts of free announcements that were needed to call attention to the exhibitions.

Elsewhere, attention has been called to Mr. William G. Fargo's liberality in express charges, not to mention the prompt assistance from his own pocket when asked for contributions. Sometimes the expenses in keeping up the various exhibitions were met from treasurer John Allen's own bank account. The ever-ready Captain Dorr was another of those to whom the management was wont to turn when in distress; besides, the officers of the Academy who had dollars to spare were generally ready to meet exigencies. The superintendent's wealth lay only in the time which he was ever willing to give. These reminiscences are perhaps unnecessary, since they have already, either in a direct way or by inference, appeared in the earlier pages of this work; but the writer, once an actor in the story, holds it but simple justice thus to group and entwine them with the same memorial wreath.

To this should be added the liberal good-nature of the ladies and gentlemen who every now and then denuded their walls of choice pictures, or loaned other works of art, when

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needed as attractions. The writer believes that the names of Mrs. S. V. R. Watson, Mrs. James Brayley, Mrs. Bronson Rumsey, and Henry Richmond, Edmund Hayes, W. H. Gratwick, and Ralph Plumb are entitled to be here recorded.

The historian of Buffalo art owes much to Mrs. L. G. Sellstedt's scrap-book, in which is saved much that concerns the history, not only of its fine arts but its material, mental, and social development, in which during seven decades she was an active and important element.

Among those who never made Buffalo their home but in a decided degree added to its artistic spirit, and whose work enhanced the spirit to acquire excellence in the technique among resident painters, it is but just to mention Chester Harding, that old master, one of the trio who in the forties divided the renown in portrait-painting throughout the United States with Henry Hinman and William Page. Of the two latter, the history of American Art is sufficiently complete, since they belonged to New York, then, as now, the real art center of the country; but Mr. Harding, though in most things their equal, chose in the latter part of his

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life to live and die in what was then the Far West, bordering on the Mississippi and Missouri rivers, where his children and grandchildren have made their homes. It was the writer's privilege to make the acquaintance of the grand old gentlemen while he was visiting and painting in the home of their common friend, Wm. G. Fargo.

He sometimes visited the writer's studio, and the latter remembers receiving valuable hints in technique, besides being otherwise benefited by his old friend's encouraging and critical remarks.

Although foreign from the purpose of this work, the writer may be excused for a few words anent the early history of this excellent old artist.

Chester Harding was born in New England and spent his early life on a farm until he was twenty-four years of age, when he began the study of art, and it appears that he in an unusually short time became known as an excellent portrait-painter. He became a friend of Daniel Webster, whose portrait he painted more than once, and one of which now remains to posterity as the ideal Webster, as Stuart's does of Washington.

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Later, he was one of the competitors with Page and Inman for the full-length portrait of the Governor of New York for the City Hall; the committee, having been unable to agree on the artist, left the matter a competitive work between the three above mentioned. The three portraits were painted, and the final decision was the acceptance of Inman's, which now adorns the walls of the governor's room there. Unless the writer's memory is at fault, it was Governor Seward who had been the patient victim of the three artists.

Mr. Harding was a great lover of sport. Gigantic of size and herculean in strength, with the proportions of an Apollo, he naturally loved athletics and sport of all kinds. The writer recalls a story of his youth which he related in his studio.

He had been present at a fair somewhere on the Mississippi River, where a barbecue was also in progress. A part of the sport consisted in wrestling matches, and one man had conquered all antagonists. Flushed with his victory, he stood inviting any one to try again, when the young artist-spectator made a whispered remark that though he was no wrestler



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he thought he could put him down. Immediately his interlocutor raised his voice above the din with: "Here is a man that thinks he can down you." "Come on, come on," came from all; and, though he modestly tried to excuse himself, he found that he must accept the challenge. Simply divesting himself of his coat he advanced and met the wrestler. "I did not know a thing about wrestling," he said, in speaking of the circumstance, "but I thought I could rely on my strength. We clinched, and I got my arm around him; when I just bent him in two and laid him down at my feet."

Mr. Henry Harding, his brother, also used to make occasional professional visits to our city from time to time in its earlier days, painting portraits of some of its residents, which, though meritorious, did not equal those of his more gifted brother; but neither his presence or work, nor those of Mr. Mason, formerly alluded to as Mr. Le Clear's guest, seemed to have had any marked effect on the art spirit of the city, as they both lacked that personal influence that the resident artist would naturally have. In these remembrances, the shade of George B. Butler, one of the brightest and best

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of American artists, arises to recall the beautiful portrait he came here to paint of Sherman S. Rogers and his noble wife. Mr. Butler had served as captain of volunteers, and lost his right arm at Gettysburg, but painted glorious pictures with his left hand, using long-handled brushes to reach his palette on the floor.

In this connection, a pleasant memory to the writer is the arrival of Mr. G. P. A. Healy, the distinguished portrait-painter, in 1862, to paint ex-President Fillmore's portrait for the White House. To accommodate his sitter, the picture, though a full-length, was painted in the private office of the law firm of Messrs. Fillmore, Hall & Haven. While Mr. Healy was Mr. Fillmore's guest during the time occupied in the work, he used to spend his evenings in the writer's family, finding more congenial company, and thereby a pleasant intimacy was formed. Mr. Healy had painted many men and women in high society, including even royalty, and was a favorite in Parisian salons. Of courtly manners, and an agreeable raconteur of amusing anecdotes, he was ever a welcome visitor. The last time that the writer saw him was in his home in Paris, in 1875, when he had the pleas-

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ure of dining with his numerous and interesting family.

A pleasant article in one of the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy's publications credits the writer with the endowment of a genius for working without compensation. Lest this should reflect upon his vanity or common sense, a few details concerning his work in behalf of the institution may be permitted by way of explanation of what in our day of material activity may be deemed a phenomenon. He might well, however, pass by what is more or less a personal matter, did it not belong to the main subject of the Academy's history. That the writer did not in his active life set a proper value on money, he records to his discredit, as he looks upon wealth as a means of gratifying desires for the purest enjoyment a man can have—that of making others happy.

Of his early life nothing need be said here, except that it included a fair education till the age of thirteen, and a life on the ocean as a sailor until twenty-three, nearly four years on the Great Lakes, studying art during winter, and a professional artist life, mainly as portrait-painter, up to the present writing. His connection

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with the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy is already told, and the matter might well be left without further details were it not that a few words are necessary to show some other difficulties encountered in keeping things going during the quarter of a century he acted as a sort of factotum of the institution.

When the exhibitions first commenced they were bi-monthly. New pictures must be procured and others returned. This made much work and not a little worry. It included visits to New York, Philadelphia, and other art centers; packing and unpacking and getting ready for the day appointed for opening. There was no regular male assistant; often the young lady ticket-attendant and the superintendent worked beyond midnight to pack and unpack boxes of paintings. This was when the exhibitions were held in the Arcade building.

After moving to the quarters provided with the Young Men's Association, another difficulty arose. The rooms were in the third story, the stairs were not strong, and boxes must be hoisted from the area of the first story by a wooden crane and tackle, which was put up in the gallery above at the instance of Captain

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Dorr and the writer, who always superintended the work and generally assisted in pulling the rope with such help as he could pick up in the street from cartman and others.

## VI

WHEN the writer, at the suggestion of Mr. James N. Johnston, a fervent friend of art poesy and general culture, took on himself the task of putting his recollections and experiences into connected form, it was his idea to limit the scope of the subject to the early history of Buffalo's art, to keep alive memories fast dying, or awaken those already as dead as the actors they commemorated, leaving a future historian to continue the tale; but as the subject grew in interest the plan was changed, and he concluded to devote a few more days of rapidly declining years to a general review of the whole field of the city's art culture, as far as it came within his ken.

Mr. Willis O. Chapin had already anticipated him with regard to the essential points of the early history of the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy in his history, to which the writer is much indebted; and while he intends to take up the story where Mr. Chapin ended, he will leave statistics and purely barren details where they properly belong, which may be found on record in their proper place, keeping in view

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mainly those things which are of more interest to the public, and which have, and have had, their influence in modeling the tastes and art culture of the community.

The election of the late Mr. Ralph Plumb to the office of president in 1889 brought new blood into the Academy. Being himself a sincere lover of art and possessor of many choice specimens, especially by American artists of note, he became deeply interested in the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy, nor was he niggard in the use of his influence in its behalf when he deemed it of advantage to the institution. Among the artists of New York, on visits to their studios, he was ever welcome, and in his frequent business trips to that metropolis he seldom omitted an opportunity to visit both private and public galleries in the interests of Buffalo's art. In this self-education he learned much and became a fair judge of paintings and especially their commercial value; through his influence, some of the choicest treasures the Academy possesses were secured. This the improved financial condition warranted. No longer was it necessary to fill the walls of the galleries with questionable paintings.

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A mistaken idea of the original purpose of the projectors of the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy had obtained, to a large extent, that its galleries were to be the exhibition rooms for students and struggling artists for their material benefit. This was certainly not the idea prominent in the minds of the early advocates of an institution with a permanent gallery, but to secure for exhibition the best works of art obtainable as models for artistic study and means for a higher education of the public in matters of art, as well as a general gratification of the lovers of the beautiful who could not afford to possess valuable pictures. The plan was to model the institution after the National Academy of Design in New York, with schools, membership, etc. The last-mentioned idea was abandoned for want of sufficient material, and the necessity of interesting men of means and influence. As there was a common complaint over the inferiority of American art when compared with that of Europe, to give encouragement to native artists, the only natural remedy seemed to lie in finding purchasers for their best works which public exhibitions might tend to promote; and even if money was slow



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in coming, the exposition of the fruits of their genius would bring their names before the public and add to their reputation.

Although the idea of preferring American art was openly approved by many, no one thought of excluding good examples of foreign works, though the hopes of possessing valuable chef-d'œuvres, such as may now be found on the walls of the galleries, were very faint indeed. The education in art differs not in its inception from that of letters or science, all must have their beginning in small things; it may take decades to prepare the mind for a just appreciation of an Emerson, a Browning, or a La Place, and the approach must be by long and painful steps, so also there is no shortcut to a true understanding of a Corot, a Whistler, or a Turner. There is now no question of Buffalo's gradual advance in art culture, though its growth has been slow, and if the public which visits the beautiful galleries of Europe has turned up its nose at finding walls covered with some of the earlier pictures of the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy, those very paintings may, perhaps, have been the ones that gave the first lessons which prepared their

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minds for a true enjoyment of its present noble collection.

What might be termed a business era seemed to dawn on the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy at Mr. Plumb's election to the presidency; it was no longer a pauper, as the accompanying statement copied from Mr. Chapin's book shows here. There was no longer a question of a requiem, instead, a pæan of joy ascended from those who had been watching with anxious care for the final issue. And mysterious hints began to be whispered of good things to come.

### THE PERMANENT FUNDS

Original subscriptions to Endowment Fund,	\$9,760.95	
Sherman S. Jewett, June 7, 1872, . . . . .	10,000.00	
(Gift) Set apart as Picture Fund, April 8, 1872.		
Thomas C. Reilly, March 24, 1883, \$2,000.00		
(Bequest) July 2, 1885, . . . . .	1,000.00	
November 2, 1886, . . . . .	500.00	
November 11, 1886, . . . . .	500.00	
	4,000.00	
Caroline C. Fillmore, January 21,		
1885, . . . . .	1,000.00	
(Bequest, \$2,000) February 15,		
1886, . . . . .	480.00	
(Bequest, \$2,000) January 5, 1888,	200.00	
	1,680.00	
Francis W. Tracy, April 20, 1889,	19,000.00	
(Bequest of \$20,000 as Picture Fund), reduced legacy by tax of \$1,000, the amount was re- stored from savings in 1897, . . . . .	1,000.00	
	20,000.00	

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### THE PERMANENT FUNDS—CON.

(Bequest) Rev. Frederick Frothingham, March 8, 1892, . . . . .	\$2,000.00
(Bequest) Jonathan Scoville, April 11, 1892, . . . . .	5,000.00
(Bequest) John Browning, April 16, 1894, . . . . .	\$360.28
(Bequest) John Browning, April 23, 1894, . . . . .	53.45
	413.73
(Bequest) Dr. Frederick H. James, July 19, 1898, . . . . .	5,000.00

### SPECIAL

Caroline C. Fillmore, January 21, 1885, . . . . .	\$2,000.00
Bequest \$2,000, amount Feb- ruary 15, 1886, . . . . .	960.00
Received, including interest, Jan- uary 15, 1888, . . . . .	400.00
	3,360.00
Given for the purchase or erection of a building more secure from fire than the one now occupied.	
(Gift) Hon. James M. Smith, March 27, 1894, to be expended for changes and repairs in the Gallery and the remainder invested in casts.	

The Scripture, "To him that hath shall be given," was in the near future to be justified by events.

The age of literature and poesy in behalf of the Academy was now ended. Poppenberg's and Wahle's harmonies were fast becoming dreamy memories, to be awakened only on extraordinary occasions or when ladies were

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put in charge of things. It was evident that new blood had been infused into the patient — younger and richer.

Many sincere friends of art, and friends of those who had borne the brunt of the difficulties which impeded the forward march of the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy, found matters for discontent in the character of some of the works admitted at the exhibition; they looked with contempt on much that was its property, whether by purchase or gift. Some had formed their art idea from what they had seen and heard in their short sojourns in Europe, but few of these were willing to lend the helping hand with coin to mend the matter, as elsewhere mentioned. This feeling even went so far, that one of these who did try to change things for the better by a handsome bequest thought best to confine her donation to the purchase of European art exclusively.

Mr. Plumb had many influential friends who were interested in art and willing to help along, both by brain and purse. Through his agency, or recommendation, some excellent paintings, both European and American, were added to the exhibition, others less desirable being

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removed to make room for them. More careful business methods were also adopted, made necessary for the proper use and care of the Academy's increasing wealth.

A somewhat memorable exhibition was held in 1890. This was a number of extraordinary pictures by Verestchagin, the Russian painter, mostly of large size and of excellent techniques. At the same time an opportunity was given to the public of seeing that charming and justly celebrated picture called "The Angelus," by the late François Millet, the great French painter.

An important addition to the Gallery's art treasures was made the next year, and is reported in Mr. Chapin's book as follows: "A print department of the Academy was founded March 21, 1891, by Dr. Frederick H. James and Willis O. Chapin; the Doctor presenting to the Academy his unequalled collection of etchings by Francis Seymour Haden, and Mr. Chapin presenting his engravings. (This collection has since been greatly enlarged.) The west gallery was set apart for it, the donors furnishing cases and cabinets, with the condition that the same be used solely for their

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donations. Printed catalogues were also added to the gift, to which additions have since been made by both donors from time to time."

In 1892, as elsewhere stated, the Academy tendered free use of the outer room to The Society of Artists for their library, et cetera. It was also given free use of the Gallery for their exhibitions. The same year the Bohemian Sketch Club held its first annual meeting and exposition.

Mr. Plumb had now held office as president five years, and declining reëlection, Dr. Frederick H. James was elected in 1894.

The following quotation from the closing paragraphs of Mr. Chapin's book tells its own story. The writer takes the liberty of giving it verbatim: "On November 2, 1898, Honorable William P. Letchworth, Josiah Jewett, Hon. James W. Smith, L. G. Sellstedt, and George S. Hazard were elected Honorable members of the Academy. Other members than those already named have rendered important services to the Academy. Geo. B. Hayes and Edmund Hayes, vice-presidents for many years, have been among the most earnest and efficient officers. They have performed many important

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duties, both in the art and the business affairs of the Academy. As members of the executive board, some of them for many years, Edwin T. Evans, Jewett M. Richmond, Henry A. Richmond, William H. Gratwick, Andrew Langdon, Thomas T. Ramsdell, Richard K. Noye, Henry W. Sprague, Charles R. Wilson, Gen. John C. Graves, Nathaniel Rochester, Worthington C. Miner, P. H. Griffin, Dr. De Lancey Rochester, John H. Cowing, Dr. Matthew Mann, Charles D. Marshall, Geo. P. Sawyer, and Carleton Sprague have been constant in their zeal in all matters calculated to promote the welfare of the Academy. During the thirty-six years of its existence, the Academy has maintained a permanent collection of paintings and has given frequent special exhibitions of the best works of art attainable, its collections have steadily increased in extent and importance. It has contributed annually to the support of the Art School. Its funds have been carefully preserved, and added to, with the view at some future time of providing it with a suitable building of its own with adequate collections in its various departments. The importance of the Academy as an educational factor in this community is

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rapidly increasing; the measure of its success must depend on the continuance of the same interest shown by the public-spirited citizens who have been its founders and benefactors.”

In 1889, the writer resigned the office of superintendent, and, though still on the Executive Board, he felt that the business and conduct of the Academy now being in practical and willing hands his professional aid and services were no longer needed. The object he had worked for was attained, the future of the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy was no longer problematical, it had come to stay, and he could now devote the remainder of life to his own pleasure or business without the weight of responsibility of a public nature.

Later, Dr. Arthur Hoddick was made superintendent, but, in point of fact, Mr. Plumb during the four succeeding years of his presidency virtually filled both offices—and filled them well; and his refusal to be again elected in 1894 was greatly regretted, for much good had been effected during his term of office. He was succeeded by Dr. Frederick H. James, who had already given proof of his devotion to the interests of the Academy by his liberal dona-



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tion (fully described in Mr. Chapin's book), and in many other ways. Mr. J. J. Albright was made president in 1895 and served two years, followed by the Hon. T. Guilford Smith for two years more. Mr. Edmund Hayes was president for the next two years; and in 1905 Mr. Plumb was again elected.

The meeting of the Executive Board of the Fine Arts Academy, held in the Buffalo Club, January 15, 1900, was epochal in its annals, for it was then that Mr. Plumb announced Mr. Albright's determination to give the institution a permanent home in a suitable building, to cost not less than \$350,000. The offer was accompanied with a suggestion, that in order to keep the Academy's possession in good condition when the building should be finished, a fund for its preservation ought to be raised by subscription.

It is pleasant to record that the larger part of this proposed endowment was subscribed by some of the members of the Board before leaving the room, and that the generous donor was himself among them.

Though in a measure prepared to hear of something good to come, the writer who, on

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account of advanced years, scarcely had hoped to see with mortal eyes so successful a culmination of the idea long and zealously worked for, could not restrain the tear that "gathered to the eyes" as he rose to offer halting thanks to the giver.

On motion of Mr. Plumb, it was unanimously decided that the proposed edifice should be known as "The Albright Art Gallery." A site had already been selected in a prominent and picturesque part of the city's delightful park overlooking the lake and pleasure-grounds, which on application was allowed by the Park Commissioners and ceded by the city.

In the meantime the Pan-American Exposition had been determined on, and its promoters had decided on a portion of the park and some adjacent territory as its location. No time was lost by Mr. Albright in laying the foundation for the palace of art his liberal mind had conceived; but owing to delay in furnishing materials, notably the marble of which it was to be constructed, much time was lost and the idea of its completion in time for the opening of the Exposition was given up. Instead, a brick building on the same plan and size was erected in another part of the park for the reception of

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the expected art treasures promised. This, too, at Mr. Albright's expense if the writer is not misinformed. Meantime, the walls of the present structure were slowly rising, and during the Exposition offered an additional point of interest to the visiting multitude.

The altered finances of the Academy necessitated a radical change in its constitution. In fact, its interests were now in the hands of men accustomed to strict business methods and close accounting, of little use when there was little or nothing to account for, since deficiencies were met out of the pockets of those in charge, or even later, when matters were less complicated and in the hands of a Committee on Funds. Wealth now brought cares that must be met with different methods.

The writer disclaims all intimacy with such necessary evils, and will not attempt further explanation, which, after all, only concerns the caretakers of the interests of the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy. The only part of the new constitution which here may be necessary to allude to is that formerly the president was elected by direct vote of all the members and that he is now chosen by the Board.

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The Pan-American Exposition was opened two years after the ground was broken in the environs of the park and part of the park itself, in which the brick substitute for the Albright Art Gallery was located, following the projected plan of the marble structure in course of erection. This magnificent Exposition in itself might well be considered part of Buffalo's art, since its ideal and realization could have no other name. The topographic, aquatic, and electrical elements were the results of genius; it was the work of imagination to idealize how a common farm, destitute of water or other natural attractions, could be transformed into a wonderful Arcadian phenomenon of beauty. To realize this required art. In places hitherto only watered by the rains of heaven bodies of water must be created to bear gondolas and barges, wonderful fountains and cascades, illuminated with iridescent electrical tints. Architecture, sculpture, painting, all must lend their aid. To make it Pan-American, all must be steeped in color, gay and lustrous, but artistically correct. To one of the best artists in our country, Mr. C. Y. Turner, was confided this duty, and those who remember the chaste har-

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mony of every part will never forget how well he had performed his part. Besides the general effect of harmonious colors and architectural beauty, wealth of art, in plaster worthy of being perpetuated in marble or bronze, met the eye everywhere.

All this might have made our city's Exposition a theme of marked praise in the history of exhibitions had it not been eclipsed by a catastrophe which, like a convulsion of nature, left nothing but its own memory.

The news of the assassination of the President of the United States fell like a pall on the Pan-American. Its shadow covered all; it put a stop to gaiety, made industries forgotten, and covered art and nature's beauty with universal gloom.

Besides the shock to the whole country that its chief magistrate had fallen by the hand of a crazed nihilist, there was in every breast a feeling of grief for the man who by his wisdom in office, simplicity of conduct, and sympathetic nature had endeared himself alike to all classes of his fellow citizens.

Irrelevant though it may be, the writer desires here to pause, in memory of the sad

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pleasure of recalling the few gracious words and warm hand-shake he with other officers of the Exposition received from this model of an American gentleman in the same place where the next day, at the public reception, the miserable assassin, in the spirit of a Judas, as he was passing, drew from its concealment the pistol that fired the fatal shot.

It goes without saying that the art exhibition of the Pan-American Exposition was in charge of the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy. As it was a matter of unusual importance, both in character and extent, great care was taken in the selection of works of art offered from various parts of the United States. A committee of distinguished artists from out of town were invited for the purpose. Mr. William A. Coffin of New York, who to his qualities as artist and gentleman added knowledge and clear-headedness in business affairs, was chosen director, an office which he filled with rare satisfaction to all concerned.

The exposition in this improvised Albright Art Gallery consisted mainly of the works of our own American artists, though one of the rooms was wholly devoted to an excellent col-

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lection of Canadian paintings. The Central and South American pictures, most of which were of great interest and excellent of technique, were exhibited in the buildings representing their own countries.

Though many pictures in the Art Gallery were painted in Europe they were the works of American painters, among which were found some of the best work of such men as Whistler, Sargent, Abbey, and others of world-wide reputation. At the close of the Exposition the Academy's collection was enriched by the purchase of several valuable paintings by American artists.

The part of the new building set apart for the use of the School and The Society of Artists having been made habitable long before it had received its finishing touches was taken possession of without delay. In the new order of things several departments not at first contemplated by the originators had been added to the School. Crafts had also found a place with arts, and teachers in each of the different departments had been provided. Not only were drawing, painting, and sculpture taught, but wood-carving, designing, wall-paper decoration,

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lace patterns, and even artistic book-binding and jewelry manufacture could be studied there under competent instructors. It is pleasant for those who in less auspicious times worked for the advance of art to know that some of these able teachers had their start in the school of those primitive days.

From the *Academy Notes*, the publication of the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy, ably conducted and edited by Mr. Charles Kurtz, the director, the following extract may be of interest both to the student and the general public:

“In recent years the school has been very successful. Many of its students have won recognition in their profession, and the influence of the League upon the community has been excellent, and effective. The school has ranked high in comparison with other art schools of America. As an evidence of its standard of teaching may be mentioned that in recent competition for twelve New York Art League’s scholarships, open to students in the various art schools of the country, six out of the twelve were won by the students of the League—though students of many different institutions entered the lists. The judges for competition—



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Kenyon Cox, Geo. B. Bridgeman, W. H. Foote, E. C. Taylor, and Herman A. Marshall — in their report made special mention of the excellent quality of the work sent by the Art Students' League of Buffalo which they stated would reflect credit on any school.

“From 1894, till the last year, Lucius W. Hitchcock was the principal instructor of the school. At present the instructors and classes are as follows:

“Urquhart Wilcox in drawing from the antique and from life, advanced composition, illustration, and the evening sketch class.

“Edward Dufner, instructor in painting and composition.

“James E. Fraser, instructor in modeling and sculpture.

“Miss Mary B. W. Coxe, instructor in drawing from the antique, the women's life class, the children's class, sketch classes, and elementary composition.

“Bernard V. Carpenter, instructor in design, water color, applied arts, and the teachers' class.

“Henry E. Bennett, Henry J. Baker, and Eric F. Ericson are assistant instructors in

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metal work, wood workings, and manual training, and wood carving.

“Miss Mabel Rodebaugh is instructor in book-binding, basket and bead weaving, and leather embossing.

“Doctor H. G. Matzinger is the lecturer on anatomy.

“Miss Arletta Lothrop, who was one of the organizers of the Students' Art Club, has been the efficient superintendent of the Art Students' League since its establishment.

“The Academy provides liberally to the support of the School. The fees for instruction are merely nominal and do not, of course, cover the expenses.”

Some years ago, when the writer was in Europe, he observed that the word American was a not uncommon affix to goods for domestic uses, which was understood to be an extra guarantee of the superiority of the wares offered for sale in merchants' shops. Our edge-tools were better made, of the best steel, superior in form, finish, and temper, when genuine; for it was said that articles inferior to their own were sometimes marked with American names by European makers to discredit the American reputation.

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Of our agricultural implements nothing need be said to emphasize their credit. Even in Germany, one of the most enlightened countries of the world, and from which we have learned much and may have much to learn, may still be seen by the passing traveler that the magnificent picture, now the property of the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy, "The Haymakers" by L'Hermitte, is no work of pure imagination. Ideas travel fast in our day, and it may be that by this time the identical scene (barring artistic composition), enacted on a field through which the railway was carrying the writer a couple of decades ago, has been spoiled for picturesque purposes by American ideas. America owes much to German thought; to French completeness, polish, and vivacity of brain; to English laws, business methods, and practical inventions. Nay, we are indebted to an Italian for our wonderful power to make the air our "Puck" to carry thought from land to land without the need of furnishing him with metallic wings; but let not the world forget that it was our country that was first to aid Marconi to realize his idea. Watts' teakettle may have shown the practical value of steam, but it was

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an American that built the first practical steamboat. Oersted, the Dane, discovered the electromagnetic principles which an American artist, Morse, turned into practical use by inventing the telegraph and its simple alphabet in his leisure hours from painting or conducting his art school. These are but a few of the evidences of the ever-active American brain, and one needs but glance at an American magazine to see our advance in the art of illustrative design. Our exhibitions in the National Academy are constantly improving in finish, as well as in color and character. There would be greater hope for the future of American art if painters like Abbey, Whistler, Vedder, and others living in Europe could have found the recognition in their own land which their works have compelled abroad.

The ladies of the study-class, elsewhere alluded to, were women of culture and refinement desirous of adding a general knowledge of principles and history of art to other accomplishments without professional or practical views. Still, there were some of the same class in society that did not think it incompatible with their social position to adopt art as a pro-

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fession. The writer may be pardoned if he mentions by name a few of these with whose work he is familiar and with whom he is personally acquainted: Miss Alice Muzzy, who conducts a school of her own and is well known as a contributor to art literature, Mrs. Kindlund, Miss Claire Shuttleworth, Mrs. E. K. Baker Thompson, Miss Hauenstein, Miss C. B. Sage, Mrs. J. Lewis Nichols, Miss Arletta Lothrop, Mrs. Lina Fulton, Mrs. France, Miss Isabel Ross, Mrs. F. McCraig, Mrs. Claude Farnum, Mrs. William H. Glenny (born Annan), remembered also for her poetic genius of high order, Miss Rose Clark, Miss Clara E. Sackett, and Mrs. Knowlton A. Mixer, the last three being, so to speak, exotics, owing their artistic education to Paris and other art centers. Mrs. John C. Graves has turned her attention mostly to sculpture, and has been employed chiefly on portrait works in which she has been quite successful, both as to resemblance and character.

These names, familiar to the writer, are recorded without prejudice to other ladies unknown to him who may be equally entitled to a place in the list of the lady artists of our city.

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The following record is from the *Academy Notes* of June, 1905: "From 1894 until last year Lucius W. Hitchcock was the principal instructor of the school. At present the instructors and classes are as follows:

"Urquhart Wilcox, instructor in drawing from the antique and from life, advanced composition, illustration, and the evening sketch class.

"Edward Dufner, instructor in painting and in composition.

"James E. Fraser, instructor in modeling and sculpture.

"Miss Mary B. W. Coxe, instructor in drawing from the antique, the women's life class, the children's class, sketch classes, and elementary composition.

"Bernard V. Carpenter, instructor in design, water color, applied arts, and the teachers' class.

"Henry E. Bennett, Henry J. Baker, and Eric F. J. Ericson are assistant instructors in metal work, wood working, and manual training and wood carving.

"Miss Mabel Rodebaugh is instructor in book-binding, basket and bead weaving, and leather embossing.

"Dr. H. G. Matzinger is lecturer on anatomy.

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“Miss Arletta Lothrop, who was one of the organizers of the Students’ Art Club, has been the efficient superintendent of the Art Students’ League since its establishment.

“The government of the school is vested in the hands of the members of the League, with a strong advisory committee composed of members of the Academy. The present officers of the League are George P. Sawyer, president; Mrs. John Clark Glenny, first vice-president; Miss Helen M. Horton, second vice-president; Mrs. Charles G. Shepard, secretary; Miss Arletta Lothrop, treasurer; Miss Harriet C. Taber, Hugh A. Sloan and Philip Sherwood Smith. The Advisory Committee of the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy consists of Dr. T. Guilford Smith, J. J. Albright, Carleton Sprague, Dr. M. D. Mann, and Ralph H. Plumb.”

Mr. John J. Albright’s magnificent gift of a permanent home for the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy which had been four years in building was substantially complete and ready to receive the choice loan collection selected by its newly appointed and energetic and capable director, Mr. Charles M. Kurtz, to grace the inauguration that took place on the 31st of May, 1905.

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Since this was written, the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy has met with a serious, if not irreparable, loss in the sudden and unexpected death of its able director, Mr. Charles M. Kurtz. The extent of the calamity to the Academy is not at the present so deeply felt as it may be in the future, since the ideas of the deceased are ably carried out by Miss Cornelia Sage, the Assistant Secretary, whose talents and efficiency have been amply proved at all times during the temporary absences of Mr. Kurtz, who placed implicit confidence in her zeal and judgment.

Instead of using the correct and graphic account in the *Academy Notes* of July, 1905, of the inauguration ceremonies as a base for an abbreviated description of them, as originally intended, the writer, on mature reflection, has concluded to give it entire in its own words.

### DEDICATION CEREMONIES

ALBRIGHT ART GALLERY

*Wednesday, May 31, 1905*

A FINER day for the Dedication ceremonies could not be imagined. The sun was shining brightly in a sky of deep blue with only an



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occasional filmy white cloud. The temperature was cool without dampness or chill. The rains of the week preceding had given the grass and foliage fresh luxuriance and increased richness of color. The white marble art palace, rising out of the mass of bright variegated greens into an "Italian blue" sky seemed to express a purer beauty and more impressive dignity than ever before, and constituted a majestic background for the tiers of out-door seats covering the terraces of the east front.

The tremendous assemblage of people in bright costumes gave a sparkling play of color to the immediate foreground, and this was well relieved by the greensward of the terraces at the sides.

From the seats of the spectators the view was charming in another way. Beyond the speakers' stand the expanse of the lake with its numerous pleasure-boats, its distant wooded shores and the deep blue of the sky reflected by its surface made a picture rivaling in beauty the painted gems of the Loan Collection.

The arrangements for the comfort of the guests were admirable. Each section of the seats was designated by a distinctive color and

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the seat coupons for the section were of the same color. The ushers were numerous, ready and informed, and every one of the several thousand spectators was shown his or her seat promptly, easily, and without confusion. All the details of the event very nearly approximated perfection.

At four o'clock the distinguished personages who were to participate in the ceremonies, accompanied by the Directors of the Fine Arts Academy, marched from the Park Casino to reserved seats near the speakers' stand, and the exercises began. Mr. R. H. Plumb, President of the Academy, presided.

First was the singing by the Orpheus, Sangerbund, Teutonia Liederkrantz, and Guido societies and other voices, of Beethoven's impressive chorus:

“The heavens are telling the Lord's endless glory,  
Through all the Earth his praise is found;  
The seas re-echo the marvelous story:  
O man, repeat that glorious sound. . . .”

Professor Horatio Parker of Yale University conducted the Chorus.

Then President Charles William Eliot, of Harvard University, was introduced and de-

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livered an address on "Beauty and Democracy." He spoke as follows:

### PRESIDENT ELIOT'S ADDRESS

The ultimate object of democracy is to increase the satisfactions and joys of life for the great mass of the people—to increase them absolutely and also relatively to pains and sorrows. In other words, the final aim of government by the people for the people is to increase to the highest possible degree, and for the greatest possible number of persons, the pleasurable sensations or cheerful feelings which contribute to make life happy and to reduce to lowest terms the preventable evils which go to make life miserable. The reduction of evil is an indirect benefit. The direct way to promote that public happiness which is the ultimate object of democracy is to increase the number, variety, and intensity of those sensations and emotions which give innocent and frequently recurring pleasure. This increase of well-being should take effect on the masses of the democratic population; although the select few who possess unusual capacity or good-will will inevitably get more than their proportional share of the general well-being. The natural and genuine leader, discoverer or superior person cannot but get unusual satisfaction out of the benefits he confers; and a true democracy will

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be glad he does, recognizing that his superiority does not obstruct or lessen the happiness of the common people, but rather promotes it. Nevertheless, the democratic goal is the happiness of the common mass.

Among the means of increasing innocent pleasurable sensations and emotions for multitudes of men and women, none is more potent than the cultivation of the sense of beauty. Beauty means a thing enjoyable. It must always be something which excites in human beings pleasurable sensations and emotions. Beauty is infinitely various, and it is omnipresent. It is accessible, therefore, to all men in all places and in all moods; and its infinite value for pleasure and content only waits on the development of the capacity in human beings to feel and to appreciate it.

The enjoyment of beauty is unselfish. When one solitary man feels it, he does not, by his enjoyment of it, deprive any other creature of the same felicity; on the contrary, in most instances his enjoyment is much enhanced by sharing it with sympathetic souls. The child who enjoys, she knows not why, the exquisite forms and colors of a single pansy does not shut out other people from experiencing the same sensations at sight of the same pansy; and she finds her pleasure only increased when father and mother and playmates share it with her.

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When, at rare intervals, the snow-clad Mount Rainier reveals itself, touched by the rays of the setting sun, to far-off Seattle, the enjoyment of the solitary street-sweeper who has first noticed it is only enhanced when the people run out of their houses to enjoy the magnificent spectacle. In their spiritual effects æsthetic pleasures differ widely from pleasures like those of eating and drinking, which are exhausted on the individual who enjoys them. The happiness of loving things beautiful is in a high degree a social form of happiness; and it is the aim of democracy to develop social happiness, as well as individual.

It is undeniable that the American democracy, which found its strongest and most durable springs in the ideals of New England Puritanism, has thus far failed to take proper account of the sense of beauty as means of happiness and to provide for the training of that sense. On the main gate of Harvard University there stands this inscription, taken from "New England's First Fruits," a little book published in London in 1643: "After God had carried us safe to New England and we had builded our houses, provided necessaries for our livelihood, reared convenient places for God's worship and settled the civil government, one of the next things we longed for and looked after was to advance learning and perpetuate

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it to posterity, dreading to leave an illiterate ministry to the churches when our present ministers shall lie in the dust." That sentence still describes the main objects which present themselves to the minds of the present generation of Americans when they settle a new region or reconstruct an old one — houses, livelihood, churches, civil government, and education; and still that order of development commonly prevails, except that education is nowadays put earlier. To that list it is time to add the cultivation of the sense of beauty, or rather to interfuse that cultivation sympathetically with every item on the list. The Puritan, establishing himself painfully on the eastern rim of the wild continent, thought rather of duty than of beauty, and distrusted pleasurable sensations and emotions as probably unworthy of a serious soul, not looking for happiness in this life, but only in the next; and to this day his descendants and followers, spreading across the broad continent, pay far too little attention to the means of promoting public happiness. They seek eagerly material possessions and the coarser bodily satisfactions, but are not at pains to discover and make available the emotional and spiritual sources of public and private happiness. It is, therefore, an interesting inquiry how the sense of beauty and the delight in the beautiful are to be im-

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planted, cultivated, and strengthened among the masses of the American population.

The oldest and readiest means of cultivating the sense of beauty is habitual observation of the heavens, for which the only things needed are the open sight of the sky and the observing eye. The heavens are always declaring the glory of God. The noblest poetry of all nations celebrates the majesty and splendor of the sky. Psalmist, prophet, and artist draw thence their loftiest teachings. Sun, moon, and stars, sunset and sunrise, clouds tossed and torn by wind, floating or driving mists and fogs, snow, rain, and the clear blue are all phenomena of the sky which will afford endless delights to him who watches them. The dweller on the prairie or the sea has the best chance at the sky, and the dweller in narrow streets, hemmed in by tall buildings, has the worst. This obstruction of the sight of the sky is one of the grave evils which beset a modern urban population. City people run about at the bottom of deep ditches and often can see only a narrow strip of the heavens. Fortunately, the loftiest structures reared by man are not so high but that a moderate open area in the midst of a closely built city will give a prospect of large sections of the heavens. This is one of the great things gained for an urban population by accessible open spaces, such as

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parks, commons, marshes, and reaches or ponds of water.

Next to observation of the sky as means of developing the sense of beauty comes observation of the landscape. Landscape includes innumerable and various objects of beauty, for it includes beauty of form, of texture, of color, and of luster. Thus, the contours and surfaces of hills and valleys present infinite variety. Some fields and pastures are convex in form; others — and these are the more beautiful — are concave. The plant and tree growths which cover portions of these surfaces also present extraordinary varieties of color and texture. Threads or sheets of water add silver sheen. In some landscapes it is a single object like Niagara which absorbs the attention; in others, it is a group of objects as in the Garden of the Gods in Colorado or the Yosemite in California; while in others the multitudinous multiplication of the same form is the interesting feature, as in a field of wheat or of California poppies, or in a forest, or in the millions of equal ripples on a sunlit lake. Over every landscape hangs the sky, contributing lights and shadows, brilliancy or somberness, perfect calm or boisterous windiness. The ear shares with the eye the beautiful effects of weather on landscape. The rushing of the storm through the narrow valley, the murmuring tremor of the pines in the



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gentle breeze, the rustling and bowing of a field of corn in an August gale, the clatter of palmettos in a wind, the rattle of pebbles on a beach dragged down by the retiring wave, the onset of a thundershower are delights for the ear as well as the eye. For such implanting and developing of the sense of beauty in the minds of urban populations a large new provision has been made by many American cities during the last twenty years, and this movement is still gathering force. It will result in great gains for public happiness. Democratic society is not favorable to the creation and permanent holding of great parks and forests by enduring families, a process which often procured important advantages for the public in feudal society. The king, the prince, the cardinal, or the court favorite held great estates which easily might descend through many generations undiminished and well maintained. The whole community could enjoy in some measure the landscape beauty thus created and preserved. Under democratic legislation and custom it is difficult to transmit from generation to generation great private holdings in land. It is, therefore, fortunate that the democracy has already decided that it will itself own and preserve for public uses large tracts of land. Public ownership will provide in our country the forests, parks, river banks, and beaches which

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will give the urban and suburban population access to landscape beauty.

Another means of increasing the enjoyment of beauty which has of late years become commoner in our country than it used to be is the cultivation of flowers and flowering shrubs in houses or house-lots, and in gardens both public and private. This cultivation is a very humane and civilizing source of enjoyment. It is usually a pleasure shared with others, and it is as enjoyable on the small scale as on the large for the individual planter and tender. One of the encouraging signs about American systematic education is that school boards and teachers are beginning to see the utility of school gardens. "How Plants Grow" was the title of one of Asa Gray's best books. The place to teach that subject is not the lecture room or the laboratory, but the garden plot.

It is said that the first art a barbarous people develops and fosters effectively is architecture. Shelter is a primary necessity, so the earliest arts and trades will provide shelters. For the worship of their gods all people try to rear imposing structures. The American people, if we study them all across the continent, seem to mean that their best buildings shall be schoolhouses and libraries, certainly not a bad choice. They are also ready to pay for costly buildings for the use of government, national,

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state, or municipal, each citizen having some sense of individual proprietorship in such buildings. If we could always get in our public buildings the beauty of good proportion and of pleasing decoration, what an addition to the every-day enjoyment of the population would such good architecture give. To pass a noble building every day in going from the home to the workshop makes an appreciable addition to the satisfactions of the citizen. To go to school in a house well designed and well decorated gives a pleasure to the pupils, which is an important part of their training. To live in a pretty cottage surrounded by a pleasing garden is a great privilege for the country-bred child. The boy who was brought up in a New England farmhouse, overhung by stately elms, approached through an avenue of maples or limes, and having a dooryard hedged about with lilacs will carry that fair picture in his mind through a long exile, and in his old age revisit it with delight. In regard to public buildings, however, it is all-important that they should be, not only noble in design but also nobly used or occupied. When a just and kindly rich man builds a handsome palace for himself and his family, his lavish expenditure does no harm to the community, but on the contrary provides it with a beautiful and appropriate object of sympathetic contemplation. But when a knave

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or a gambler lives in a palace, the sight of his luxury and splendor may work injury to the lookers-on. It is the same with regard to public buildings. Their occupation or use must be noble, like that of a Gothic cathedral. They must harbor honest men, not rogues. They must be used to promote large public interests, and must be instinct with public spirit.

The provision of public museums like this beautiful structure whose opening we commemorate to-day is another means of educating the popular sense of beauty. By casts, prints, etchings, and photographs a good collection trains the eyes of the people to appreciate beauty of outline, of light and shade, of symmetry and proportion. Vases and textile fabrics supply instruction in color, luster, and texture. For training the eye to the appreciation of beautiful composition in color, good paintings are necessary. Examples of the work of the greatest masters in color are, of course, very difficult to obtain for exhibition in the United States; but a few such objects in our best collections would have an immeasurable value. Unfortunately, our barbarous legislation, taxing imported works of art, piles on the natural difficulties of our situation a serious artificial obstruction. One of the great services of the Roman Church to the peoples of Europe has been the free exhibition, as altar pieces or as

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chancel and sacristy decorations, of many of the most admirable works of the leading painters of the world. The favorite subject with these great painters for a church picture — the Holy Family — offered to the artist a large variety of human figures in a compact group, namely, a mature man, a young mother, a baby, and a Saint Catherine or a Saint John the Baptist, representing so many interesting stages of human life, with all the appropriate varieties of facial expression, skin coloring, and graceful garments, the whole permeated with lofty and holy sentiment. Such pictures the Roman Church kept before millions of its worshipers for hundreds of years. The modern painter has not yet seized on any subject of such supreme merit and universal availability. Since the church has had only a slight æsthetic function in the United States, public collections have in America even greater importance than they have in Europe.

It is apparent from the tremendous influence of the passion of love that beauty in man, woman, and child must yield a large part of the available material for developing and training the sense of beauty in the masses of the population. The attraction of sex becomes efficient when the eye is delighted by the color, form, and grace of the beloved object. It is through the eye and the ear chiefly that we are

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susceptible to beauty in man, woman, or child. The lover's senses are all quickened and set on fire, and his vital energies are magnified. His fancy and his power of attention become lively and keen; and, in short, all his vital functions are made healthier and stronger. It follows from this almost universal experience that the enjoyment of beauty accompanies and announces a condition of health and vigor in the human body and the human spirit, and that whatever promotes the public health, or, in other words, the habitual health of the multitude, will also promote the development of the sense of beauty, and will multiply the pleasurable feelings which accompany the observation of beauty. Whatever promotes the public health tends, therefore, to promote that public happiness which the recognition and study of beauty is fitted to procure for the popular masses.

It has sometimes been maintained that love of the beautiful is an effeminate sentiment, which may fitly accompany delicacy, tenderness, and refinement, but is not an attribute of manly vigor or of a pioneering, enterprising, and martial race. On one Memorial Day not long ago I was watching from my office window a post of the Grand Army of the Republic marching slowly to wailing music toward the graves of their former comrades in Mount Auburn Cemetery, which they were about to

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decorate with flowers. The friend who stood beside me said: "I cannot bear to hear this music or see these flowers. Both are beautiful, but both are too sentimental. They are bad substitutes for the stern, unadorned gravity and resolution of our Puritan forefathers." My friend was an intense patriot; but in this dislike he was wrong. The love of the beautiful is not inconsistent with reverence for honor, justice, and faithfulness unto death. Neither is it inconsistent with intense energy, and keen intellectual foresight and penetration, or with the martial virtues of courage, self-sacrifice, and tenacity. If we need a demonstration that love of the beautiful and habitual cultivation of the beautiful are not inconsistent with the simultaneous possession of the most effective and robust human qualities, we may find it in the extraordinary artistic qualities of the Japanese as a race; qualities they exhibit in conjunction with great industrial efficiency, remarkable sanitary wisdom, and an unparalleled energy and devotion in war. The interest of the Japanese in flowers, gardens, and groves, and their skill in producing the most admirable varieties of fine work in metals, pottery, and textile fabrics have been the wonder of the Western world. Even the arrangement of cut flowers is for them a high art; a garden or a grove is almost a sacred place; and the production

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of a single beautiful porcelain or bronze vase or bowl is an adequate reward for months of labor. This devotion to the production of the beautiful is absolutely consistent with the possession by the same race of the qualities which we commonly distinguish by such words as manly, sturdy, and heroic. We ought not to be surprised at this union of attributes. We ought never to have imagined that the sense of beauty harmonized only with softness, fineness, or frailty in the human being. The fact is that many beautiful objects are coarse, rough, stern, or fierce, like the sea, the thunderstorm, or the bare mountain crag. Beauty often results chiefly from fitness; indeed, it is easy to maintain that nothing is fair except what is fit for its uses or functions. If the function or the product of a machine be useful and valuable, and the machine be eminently fit for its work, beauty will be discernible in the machine. An American ax is eminently fit for its function, and it conspicuously has the beauty of fitness. A locomotive or a steamship has the same sort of beauty, derived from its supreme fitness for its function. As functions vary, so will those beauties which depend on fitness for functions vary, from the exquisite delicacy of the narcissus to the sturdy vigor of the oak. In cultivating the love of the beautiful we shall also cultivate the love and appreciation of the fit.



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The best place to inculcate the love of the beautiful is the schoolroom. To the rising generation the most effective lessons can be given and from the school millions of children will carry the lessons to millions of homes. After reading, spelling, writing, and ciphering with small numbers and in simple operations, drawing should be the most important common-school subject. All children should learn how lines, straight and curved, and lights and shades form pictures and may be made to express symmetry and beauty. All children should acquire by use of the pencil and brush power of observation and exactness in copying and should learn through their own work what the elements of beauty are. It is monstrous that the common school should give much time to compound numbers, bank discount, and stenography and little time to drawing. It is monstrous that the school which prepares for college should give four or five hours a week for two years to Greek and no time at all to drawing. The main object in every school should be, not to provide the children with means of earning a livelihood, but to show them how to live a happy and worthy life, inspired by ideals which exalt and dignify both labor and leisure. To see beauty and to live it is to possess large securities for such a life.

In diffusing among the American population

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knowledge and appreciation of the fine arts we shall also diffuse the artistic sentiment about labor. The artist is always working with mingled gladness and disappointment toward an ideal he never attains. It is his struggle toward that ideal which makes his life a happy one. That is the spirit in which all the work of the community should be done. Everybody should be trying to realize perfection in his art or trade or daily work. Toward that idealization of daily life the love of the beautiful leads us, and the road which connects the love of the beautiful with the love of the good is short and smooth. When, therefore, the citizens of Buffalo assemble in this beautiful park to dedicate this beautiful building and its collections to the public service, they are commending to the rest of the nation a high example of private beneficence which will promote, in a wise and sound way, democratic happiness.

President Eliot's address was delivered in a clear, ringing voice and was listened to most attentively. At its conclusion the Chorus sang the following Ode, written by Mr. Arthur Detmers of Buffalo, and the music for which was composed by Professor Horatio Parker of Yale University. Professor Parker conducted the singing.

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### SPIRIT OF BEAUTY

O SPLENDOR of the far-off days  
Forever gone!  
Still through the darkened maze  
Of years we wander on,  
Haunted by visions of an elder time  
When glory crowned the Orient hills  
And great Apollo laughed  
As the purple sea he quaffed,  
And the nymphs by hidden rills  
Leaped and danced,  
And the silver arrows glanced  
From the Huntress' bow sublime;  
While from storied heights, far shining  
In Olympian repose,  
Human thought God's thought divining,  
The perfect temples rose.  
O deathless splendor of the Attic prime!  
Spirit of Beauty, free of old,  
Eternal youth is thine; no prison hold  
Hath ever fast confined thee,  
No earthly chain can bind thee:  
Lo, thou wilt bring again the age of gold!

Slowly, slowly through the night,  
Led by death the host moves on.  
Endless tumult, toil and fight,  
Hopeless yearning for the light,  
Loss the prize in triumphs won,  
Endless sleep when all is done.  
O the bitter waste and pain!  
To Death only comes the gain.  
One long smothered cry is all  
Scarce remembered years recall.

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Nay, not so, 'tis only seeming!  
Even now behold, a gleaming!  
    Even now thy garments trail,  
Spirit, on the shrouded mountains!  
From the everlasting fountains  
    Light is streaming o'er the vale!

Yea, by all the discords harsh of life  
    The music of the world is never hushed.  
Upon the woeful strife  
    Of souls pain-scarred and crushed  
The sweet calm face of nature smiles.  
    O beckoning hands,  
    O voices in the wilderness,  
Ye heavenly bands  
    That cheer and bless,  
Spirit of Beauty near us yet,  
    Though we like aliens wandering in far lands  
O'er wasted miles  
    Thy loveliness too oft forget!  
From age to age thy mountains call us,  
Thy radiant dawns and sunset lights enthrall us,  
    Thy handmaid stars attend us,  
    Thy trees and flowers befriend us,  
Thy mighty waters will not let us be,  
Thine errant winds still set our spirits free.

Not unto us, not unto us the praise,  
    O Spirit Guide!  
Thou who from the broken past dost raise  
    What shall abide,  
Here amid the transitory  
    Sway and stress of man's estate,  
    In thy great name we dedicate

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An altar to thy glory.  
May it lift the souls of men  
Out of lethal marsh and fen  
    To that far eternal height  
    Crowned with light,  
    Immune from time,  
Where, nearer God, the soul may learn  
    The beauty and the joy sublime  
For which man ne'er doth cease to yearn.

Professor Parker's music was admirably fitted to the Ode, and, under his direction, was sung with impressive effect. In the space at command it is impossible to present any analysis of the music or even specifically refer to its particularly appropriate and effective passages. The Chorus was well trained, and, sustained by an instrumental accompaniment, carried well.

Mr. Richard Watson Gilder next being introduced, read the Dedicatory Poem, "A Temple of Art." The poem follows:

### A TEMPLE OF ART

#### I

**S**LOWLY to the day the rose,  
The moon-flower suddenly to the night,  
Their mysteries of light  
In innocence unclose.

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### II

In this garden of delight,  
This pillared temple, pure and white,  
We plant the seed of art,  
With mystic power  
To bring, or sudden or slow, the perfect flower,  
That cheers and comforts the sad human heart;  
That brings to man high thought  
From starry region caught,  
And sweet, unconscious nobleness of deed;  
So he may never lose his childhood's joyful creed,  
Though years and sorrows to sorrows and years succeed.

### III

Though thick the cloud that hides the unseen life  
Before we were and after we shall be,  
Here in this fragment of eternity;  
And heavy is the burden and the strife —  
The universe, we know, in beauty had its birth;  
The day in beauty dawns, in beauty dies,  
With intense color of the sea and skies;  
And life, for all its rapine, with beauty floods the earth.  
Lovely the birds, and their true song,  
Amid the murmurous leaves the summer long,  
Whate'er the baffling power  
Sent anger and earthquake and a thousand ills,—  
It made the violet flower,  
And the wide world with breathless beauty thrills.

### IV

Who built the world made man  
With power to build and plan,  
A soul all loveliness to love,—  
Blossom below and lucent blue above,—  
And new unending beauty to contrive.

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He, the creature, may not make  
Beautiful beings all alive,—  
Iris'd moth nor mottled snake.  
The lily's splendor,  
The light of glances infinitely tender,  
Nor the day's dying glow nor flush of morn,—  
And yet his handiwork the angels shall not scorn.  
When he hath wrought in truth and by heaven's law,—  
In lowliness and awe,  
Bravely shall he labor, while from his pure hands  
Spring fresh wonders, spread new lands;  
Son of God, no longer child of fate,  
Like God he shall create.

### V

When, weary ages hence, the wrong world is set right;  
When brotherhood is real  
And all that justice can for man is done,  
When the fair, fleeting, anguished-for ideal  
Turns actual at last; and 'neath the sun  
Man hath no human foe;  
And even the brazen sky, and storms that blow,  
And all the elements have friendlier proved,—  
By human wit to human uses moved,—  
Ah, still shall Art endure.  
And beauty's light and lure,  
To keep man noble, and make life delight,  
Though shadows backward fall from the engulfing night.

### VI

In a world of little aims,  
Sordid hopes and futile fames,  
Spirit of Beauty! high thy place  
In the fashioning of the race.  
In this temple, built to thee,

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We, thy worshipers, would be,  
Lifting up, all undefiled,  
Hearts as lowly as a child;  
Humble to be taught and led  
And on celestial manna fed;  
So to take into our lives  
Something that from heaven derives.

The ceremonies were concluded with the following hymn, written by Mr. Philip Becker Goetz, of Buffalo, and sung by the Chorus to the music of Kremser's "Dankgebet."

### HYMN BY PHILIP BECKER GOETZ

THE voices of seers are not born of the trumpet,  
Their vision is raised to a flag that is furled;  
They ever are dreamers in beauty ensphered  
And calmly they dower the wide, yearning world.

Their hands are not sanguine with blossom of battle:  
They charm into life the white soul of the stone,  
They find and imprison the secrets of sunlight,  
They make the world kneel in their temples of tone.

Oh these be the brows that we hallow with homage  
And crown with our garlands of fresh-wreathed song:  
Unknown or renowned hail them equally victors,  
With thanks unto God for that glorious throng.



## POEMS



## ART IN BUFFALO

TROOPS of angels swell our number as we throng this classic place,  
Though we hear no white wings rustle, though we see no shining face.  
While we dedicate this temple they are with us and around us —  
With an amaranthine cestus they have girded and have bound us.  
From the classic scenes of Athens these attendant spirits come,  
From the sunny haunts of Florence and the solemn hills of Rome.  
From the tomb of great Apelles, where the roses ever blow,  
From the sepulchre of Rubens and the grave of Angelo.  
Lo! our hands have built an altar, built it strong and built it well,  
And the angels wait to crown it with immortal asphodel.  
Every basal stone is granite, squarely cut, cemented fast —  
We have laid a firm foundation, for we build the shrine to last.  
All the rest is choicest marble, free from spot and stain and flaw  
As the tablets where Jehovah wrote the precepts of His law.  
On the top there burns a censer which with rarest gums is freighted —  
While we smell the glorious incense we are ravished and elated.  
Let this temple and this altar evermore be set apart  
To the uses and the service and the high designs of  
ART!

## ART IN BUFFALO

Art, the only true Pactolus which has ever flashed and  
rolled,  
That encrusts our leaden fancies with a shining shell of  
gold.  
Art, that renders death a fable, by its magic power to  
save —  
We possess the Pilgrim Fathers, not the centuries, not  
the grave.  
Are the heroes whom we worship less alive, this winter  
night,  
Than when they bravely conquered in the stern and  
sturdy fight?  
Art, that woos its mistress, Nature, with a love that  
never tires,  
Never faints and never falters, ever urges and aspires —  
That repeats the myriad broideries which her cunning  
fingers trace  
And the ever sweet expressions of her ever-changing face.  
Art, that treasures up for Winter all the richest blooms  
of Spring;  
Art, that lifts the low-born peasant to the level of the  
king.  
Art, that hews from stolid marble forms we worship and  
extol,  
Wanting naught to make them human but the presence  
of a soul.  
“One thing lacks thy statue, comrade;” so the king of  
sculptors spoke,  
And the dream of Donatello, like a dainty fleece-cloud,  
broke!  
“Tell me,” was the mournful answer, “what it is evades  
my reach” —  
“Only this, my Donatello; thou hast failed to give it  
speech!”

## ART IN BUFFALO

Who shall censure fond Pygmalion, in the forum of his  
thought,

That his heart became enamored of the shape his hands  
had wrought?

Art, that shows us gracious Homer, just as when he  
lived and sang,

And the Juno with whose praises all his wondrous story  
rang.

Art, that makes the face of Jesus plain as morning to  
the sight,

With its martyr crown of passion and its triumph crown  
of light.

Art, that raises and ennobles, Art, that surely will refine  
Every nature that it touches by its ministries divine.

Meet it is we rear a temple to a goddess such as she,  
With the large and liberal purpose that its blessings  
shall be free.

Meet it is we build an altar, and, in letters rainbow fair,  
Weave her name and fame and glory in a deathless  
legend there.

There are thousands who will bless us for the work we  
thus perform,

When we see no more the sunshine, when we hear no  
more the storm.

Take, O Art! this goodly temple which thy presence now  
invites,

Gather here thy priests and prophets, here conduct thy  
mystic rites.

Take, O Art! this goodly altar, it is all and wholly thine,  
Offer here thy best libations, fragrant oil and fruity  
wine.

Here preserve the precious treasures of the old forgotten  
days

Fresh as newly-opened lilies, or a poet's latest lays.

## ART IN BUFFALO

Seize the mad wheels of the present, bid the frantic  
Jehu wait  
Till thy hand has sketched the chariot, with its tenants  
and its freight.  
Keep the troubled nation's records in thy skilled and  
perfect way;  
Trace the shiftings of the conflict that is raging hard  
to-day.  
If the rest must needs be somber, give the sky a cheerful  
hue,  
Show us, there, the blended wonders of the red and  
white and blue.  
When the cruel war is over, never more to be renewed,  
And the doves of peace are flocking to the cotes where  
once they cooed —  
Then thy brightest colors gather and thy proudest epic  
frame  
On a nation raised to glory through the carnage and  
the flame.

Thus we dedicate this temple, thus this altar set apart,  
To the uses and the service and the high designs of ART.

ANSON G. CHESTER.

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### THE MINISTRY OF ART

THE winter night is dark; the wild wind falls  
Asleep in snow, and sleeping, moans the while;  
But Art is mistress here, and, lo! her halls  
Are lit with summer's smile.

And darker nights have draped our land in gloom,  
And wilder wind, that will not sleep or cease,  
Beats over broken homes; but here in bloom  
Droop only wreaths of peace.

A R T I N B U F F A L O

No shadow enters; and Art, divine,  
We greet thee, though the iron hand of war  
Knocks at our gates; to-night is ours and thine,  
Bright pilgrim, from afar!

The bark was bless'd that bore thee o'er the Sea,  
From Italy, from golden Spain —  
From many temples builded brave to thee  
By Aino Thomas, and Sein.

The time had come and thou didst take thy way  
Through portals that the sunset left ajar,  
And all thy new-found empire waiting lay  
Beneath the Western Star.

So here thy broadest canvas be unfurled,—  
Thy fairest dreams, O magic Art, be born,—  
To limn the features of a younger world,  
Ruddy with hope and morn.

We greet thee here, we crave thy kindly powers,  
For, as the olden forests' green retreats  
Have sunk with all their freshness and their flowers  
Beneath thy city's streets;

So is the freshness of our life downtrod:  
So its sweet nooks a dusty highway made,  
And reckless over mem'ries greenest sod  
Hurry thy feet of trade.

Gone is the trust wherein our spirits gave  
Memnomean music to the stars and sun,  
Over our thought's serene and clearest wave  
The wheels of traffic run.

ART IN BUFFALO

'Tis thine, O Priestess of the beautiful,  
To bring again the joys our hearts have lost,  
And even the windows of life's winter paint  
With pictures of the frost.

Thy spells are potent; these are magic halls,  
Enchanters those whose pencil is thy wand,  
Radiant, and far from all these pictured walls,  
Opens a fairy land.

As through the gate of some enchanted palace  
We wander forth beneath divinest skies;  
And there are windless woods and silent valleys  
Where Summer never dies.

Away, away! where soundless streams are falling,  
Where Fancy's sweet will ever points the track,  
Until at last, her vagrant steps recalling,  
The soul comes singing back.

Or, haply, to some Alpine summit scaling,  
We see the vale beneath us blue and blest,  
As he who spies o'er heights of pain prevailing,  
His Italy of rest.

As on the bark of dreams the soul is drifted  
About a sea where summer sleeps and smiles,  
Above whose verge the purple mists are drifted  
That fringe the golden isles.

There may we meet our vanished youth's romances,  
There pluck the lotus in the fruit or blossom,  
By Lethe's stream, where never face, but Fancy's,  
Has bent above their gloom.



## A R T I N B U F F A L O

Or haply yet we walk with hushed October,  
Where the year fades, and queenly as she lies,  
Still the mute winds that tarry to disrobe her,  
And smiles before she dies.

Anon, it is a scene in human story.  
When freedom's sons upheld their ancient faith,  
Or some immortal face is lit with glory  
Even as it looks on death.

Or the calm eyes of some fair saint is looking  
Down through the gloom of centuries into ours,  
With the white patience of her brow rebuking  
Our puny griefs and powers.

These are thy spells; and thus, O subtle Art,  
Thy magic color, like the mystic seven,  
Melt into one pure ray that points the heart  
To beauty — thence to heaven.

So, still, to men reveal the beautiful,—  
The beautiful, sole angel whom our eyes  
Have held the gift to see, though dim and dull  
. They turned from Paradise.

For when the gates of Eden closed in wrath,  
She only of the heavenly host had leave  
To pity man, and on his barren path  
Glide forth, a fairer Eve.

So ever in the loveliest spot on earth  
He caught a glitter of her silver wing;  
And when his sweetest music chanced to birth,  
Her finger touched the string.

## ART IN BUFFALO

And still with glimpses of her heavenly face,  
With dreams, whereof the waking is sweet tears;  
With thoughts that never on the lips have place,  
Nor come save once in years.—

With these, with all that makes us thrill or burn,  
Still does she haunt the heart and light the eyes,  
But with a longing wild desire we yearn  
For the lost Paradise.

So still, O Art, we follow where thy wand  
Points to the path the beautiful has trod;  
For Art joins hand with beauty,— Beauty's hand  
Touches the throne of God!

DAVID GRAY.

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## THE ECHO OF THE BEAUTIFUL

1865

WHAT shall we name thee, glorious Art,  
As, gathering at this chosen shrine,  
We consecrate these walls to thee  
And make this waiting temple thine?

A radiant goddess thee we hail,  
Mature and perfect at thy birth,  
Child of a nobler brain than Jove's,  
The new Minerva of the earth.

O, sweet to see thy beaming face  
When sorrow bids the spirit grieve,  
And even joy without thy smile  
Were Paradise without its Eve.

A R T I N B U F F A L O

An angel, thou, with starry glance,  
With golden hair, coiled like a crown,  
Shedding its glory on thy brow  
And melting every shadow down.

Whate'er of beauty haunts our dreams,  
Bedecks the earth, or paints the sky,  
'Tis thine, with more than magic power,  
To bring before the wondering eye.

To reproduce each glowing scene  
In summer's landscapes, when the air  
Is fragrant with the breath of flowers,  
And loveliness is everywhere.

When white-winged snowflakes thickly fly,  
And all the earth is mailed in ice,  
'Tis thine to mock the winter's face  
With mimic touch and rare device.

When tempests rage, and billows heave,  
And lightnings flash upon the sea,  
Thou walkest on the angry waves,  
As Jesus walked on Galilee:

Not thus to lull the waves to rest,  
And hush the tempest's fitful wail,  
But, by thy strange and subtle power,  
To catch the spirit of the gale.

Niagara's torrent rushes down  
The canvas at thy bold command,  
And other eyes than ours behold  
The proudest wonder of the land.

## A R T I N B U F F A L O

Thy hand unlocks the pyramids  
Built by Jehovah, wondrous Art,  
And lo! we behold within our grasp  
The treasures of the Andes' heart.

We see the power of ancient Faith,  
His mountains move at thy behest,  
The rocky steeps advance in troops  
Across the prairies of the West.

Thou stretchest forth thy wizard wand  
O'er teeming plain and barren sea,  
And lo! before our gaze appears  
The sun-bathed peak of Luramie.

The monarch stag affrighted flies,  
As sounds the hunter's thrilling blast,  
His steps thy gentle voice arrests  
And, like a statue, holds him fast.

The face made fair by love alone —  
The face whose charms entrance the eye —  
Alike beneath thy gracious touch  
Are clothed with immortality.

The senseless stone responds to thee —  
A living thing the marble seems —  
When, at the promptings of thy voice,  
The sculptor shapes his secret dreams.

The reveries, like a golden mist,  
That steal upon the artist's mind,  
As, fancy-free, he soars aloft  
And leaves this common world behind.

## ART IN BUFFALO

When beauty quits her secret shrine  
And bursts upon his raptured sight,  
Reveals the rarest of her charms  
And fills his being with delight.

Thine is the power alone, O Art,  
To bid them evermore remain,  
To hinder in their rapid flight  
These thronging angels of the brain.

When black Disaster rears its loom  
Around the elemental strife,  
And mingles with its sable warp  
The ruddy roof of precious life —

Then gently touch our mangled dead,  
Restore again their wasted bloom,  
And bring the features that we loved  
Back from the darkness of the tomb.

The slain in battle, bid them live,  
Though counted with the martyred dead;  
The graves are honored where they sleep,  
The soil is hallowed where they bled.

What shall we name thee, then, to mark  
Thy present coming, peerless Art?  
How syllable the mystic spell  
Thou breathest on the raptured heart?

The legend haunts my brain to-night,  
Which mythic chronicles relate —  
The tale of Dian's sudden wrath,  
And babbling Echo's mournful fate.

## ART IN BUFFALO

O, sister Echo, men may read  
A better life and lot than hers  
Upon the palms thou stretchest forth  
To bless thy myriad worshipers.

No need of consecrated priest,  
With fragrant chrism and snowy stole;  
With thy new name we christen thee —

THE ECHO OF THE BEAUTIFUL!

ALBERT T. CHESTER.

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## AURORA

1866

IN the old discrowned city, girt by Tiber's sluggish  
flood —  
Gaunt with spectres of the ages, scarred with fire, and  
dank with blood —  
Where the daily feet of labor presses down imperial  
graves,  
And the nations, steeped in wonder, grope among the  
ashen waves;  
In the sad, discrowned city, smiles a vision of the morn,  
Radiant with ethereal beauty, of immortal genius born.  
High above the dusky valleys floats the rosy queen of day,  
Flinging eastward dewy garlands, as she speeds her airy  
way.  
Close behind the steeds of Eos backward turn the  
breeze's flight;  
And the Hours, in gleeful chorus, dance upon the verge  
of night.  
Far below, the drowsy cities wake to toil or wake to pain;  
Or the tardy steps of peasant fieldward urge the lum-  
bering wain.

## ART IN BUFFALO

Fleets upon the whitening waters, workmen by the busy  
shore,  
All astir with early freshness, con the task of labor o'er.  
Morn, upon the purple mountains, lightens downcast  
want and moil,  
But to upturned gaze, a goddess glorifies this world of  
toil.  
Eyes, unsealed by inspiration, still behold the laughing  
Hours,  
Ever catch the rosy footprints, evermore the dropping  
flowers.  
Shapes of beauty haunt the woodlands where the foot  
of Art hath trod;  
Nestle by the secret fountains, spring from the enameled  
sod;  
Hover by the common pathways, whisper in the viewless  
air;  
And the lips of the Celestials touch the wrinkled brow  
of Care.  
O Immortals! must the Orient ever stay your charmed  
feet?  
Nymph and Goddess, Faun and Dryad hither seek no  
new retreat?  
Haste! The broad blue arch, uprising over Io's storied  
sea,  
Sinks on lonely, virgin valleys, beautiful as Thessaly.  
Nature, in unconscious idlesse, waits her hour of waking  
bliss,  
Couched beneath the star of evening — Psyche of the  
wilderness.  
Field and wood and broad savannah, solemn hills and  
mountain streams,  
Echoless, await your voices, lapt in sleep, without its  
dreams;

## ART IN BUFFALO

And the steadfast gaze of labor seeks no radiance in  
the skies —  
Haste! And on our fair Hesperia bid Art's lingering  
morn arise.  
Lo, the dawning! See! Aurora hovers in her westering  
flight,  
Blushing with the kiss of Ocean, dewy with the tears of  
Night;  
Softly veiled in clouds of silver, gives her fiery coursers  
rein;  
Bending through the starry shadows, smiles upon the  
wakening plain,  
Where, below our fair young city bares her bosom to  
the day —  
Crowded mart and teeming storehouse cluster by the  
busy bay.  
Click of axe and clank of hammer, groan of forge and  
whirr of wheel,  
Clattering hoofs and hurrying footsteps through the  
softening distance steal.  
White-winged messengers of traffic dance upon our  
mimic main;  
Freights of autumn's moor at anchor — argosies of  
amber grain.  
Trailing down our slow Pactolus, shallops sweep and  
barges slide;  
While beyond, the mighty current headlong pours its  
muffled tide.  
Faint, afar, the dying echoes, born of steel and martial  
tread,  
Blends with wailings from the zephyrs that o'ersweep a  
nation's dead.  
Hail fair daughter of the Dawning! Herald of the gor-  
geous Day!



## ART IN BUFFALO

Crowning with thy fragrant garlands earthly toil and  
din and fray;  
Wafting on the breezy pinion scents from Capri's odor-  
ous gale,  
Snowy airs from Alpine billows, sighs from Norseland's  
slumberous vale;  
Showering tints on cliff and ocean, caught from Tithon's  
saffron pall;  
Leading bronzed Forest-Warriors captive in thy gracious  
thrall;  
Gems from India's pearly caverns, hazy glows from  
Persian skies,  
Sheen of moonbeams, gleams of waters, shimmer in thy  
mantle's dyes.  
Still, above our dusty pathways, linger with thy joyful  
train!  
Wooping upward sleepless eyelids, heavy with the tears  
of pain;  
Calming here "life's fitful fever," soothing passion's  
fierce unrest;  
Filling with immortal visions all the chambers of the  
West.  
Linger — while we throng thy temple — at thy feet  
our garlands lay —  
Kiss thy robe, O fair Aurora, Dawn of Art's eternal Day!  
MRS. E. A. FORBES.

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**D**AWN thou on our lifted vision, Spirit of divinest Art!  
Wraith of some celestial Summer, bid thy sphere-lit  
glorious start.  
Feed with warmth our mossy valleys, bid the drifting  
clouds divide,  
Strew the lakes with new-blown lilies, on the fir-clad  
hills abide.

## ART IN BUFFALO

Trembling, fearing, doubting ever, toiling up through  
wastes of snow,  
By thy light our height we measure, if we near the skies  
or no.  
Breathe thou o'er our raptured senses, Spirit fair of  
Art divine!  
Winged and wandering Peri, all our best and purest  
shall be thine.—  
Thine to bear from earth to Heaven, whose Immortals  
wait to prove,  
If our climbing souls be worthy their companionship  
and love.

Ancient masters of the spell,  
Whose commandment cabalistic,  
Secret words and symbols mystic,  
Did the viewless powers compel;  
Cleaving all their air with flame,  
Till your charm-wrought wonders made  
Star-forsaken Night afraid,  
And the darkness overcome —  
While for cloudless suns we yearn,  
Back we turn our wondering eyes,  
Where the spirit-peopled skies  
With your fadeless limnings burn,  
Mythic forms and fancies scenic,  
Glowing out from temple shade;  
Marching host and cavalcade  
Of the stately race Hellenic;  
King-built barges seaward drifted;  
Victims cast on funeral pyres;  
Chariots hurled through battle-fires;  
Faces of old gods uplifted;  
Large-eyed Aphrodites weeping

## ART IN BUFFALO

Over fairest archers killed ;  
Fauns with forest-music thrilled ;  
Nymphs on crested billows sleeping ;  
Royal feasts whose rubied flagons  
Foam and flash with draughts of light ;  
White-maned horses winged for flight,  
Golden-scaled and fire-eyed dragons.

Thus while Athens and Ionia to their hungering fancies  
clung,  
Lo! a sudden wind from Heaven down the snowy  
manna flung.  
Prophet-led, at dawn, the murmuring, tent-abiding  
multitude,  
From their wilderness upgathered bread of angels for  
their food ;  
Love immortal leaning o'er them all their lives im-  
paradised,  
With the sacred sweetness falling from the gentle lips  
of Christ.  
Then the souls of men a-wailing, issued from their  
Pagan dreams,  
As from the glaciers of the mountains rush to live the  
silver streams.  
And the hearts of men were melting, throbbing down to  
higher plains,  
Where the gentian flower, a-tremble, felt the Summer in  
its veins.

Watchers for millennial light,  
Pallid seers awake from slumber ;  
Ye whose brows the laurels cumber,  
Move before our mortal sight ;  
Rising from your hidden homes,

## ART IN BUFFALO

In the secret vaulted halls,  
Where your dreamings lit the walls  
Of the rock-built catacombs;  
From your Tuscan chapels, faintly  
Glowing in the taper's blaze,  
Where your sibyls heavenward gaze,  
Rapt from earth in visions saintly.  
Calm us with your pure Madonnas,  
Haloed with seraphic fires —  
While the shepherd greeting choirs,  
Breathed on high their loud hosannas;  
Traitor and Evangelist,  
Bid them gather round the board,  
Where the mystic wine was poured,  
At the loving Eucharist;  
Shadow forth the pain and loss  
Of our teacher meek and lowly;  
Paint his slumber still and holy,  
Earthward lifted from the cross;  
Of his sad renunciation,  
Move us with the tender story;  
Help us comprehend the glory,  
Of the white transfiguration.

So shall die the sickly blossoms of the cavern-realm of  
dreams,  
And like full and sun-fed roses, glow with life our  
chosen themes.  
While our ministers of nature search for Beauty's  
sacred soul,  
Finding more than light and color, graces and grandeur  
in the whole;  
Power of ancient myth Hellenic, purity of thoughts  
divine,

## ART IN BUFFALO

Smile of earth and gleam of Heaven with their limnings  
shall combine.  
For the lightest wind that murmurs and the frailest  
leaf that waves,  
Prove the proud world something greater than Inheritor  
of graves.  
Ye, who rightly love her, yours the task her luminous  
life to seize;  
Paint the spirit quick within her, through all methods  
and degrees.

Yours the rugged rock to smite —  
Lying dewless on the plain.  
Ours to quaff the precious rain,  
Rushing, flashing into light,  
Learn that flower or fruitage ripe,  
Waving grain or forest green,  
In some realm of soul unseen,  
Hath its living archetype,  
Catch the still electric fires,  
In the glance of star and moon —  
(Faint predictions of the noon —  
That beneath the East aspires);  
In the foam upon the rocks,  
Like the sea-found pearl for whiteness;  
In the soft and billowy brightness,  
Of the ocean's wandering flocks;  
In the steady radiance pure,  
When the shadowed skies are paling,  
In the crimson meteor, trailing  
Far its flaming curvature;  
In the pale and far-off splendor,  
Of the haunted Northern coasts,  
Where the palaces of ghosts,  
Rear their towers and turrets slender.

## ART IN BUFFALO

Dawn-like spirits o'er the mountains, fling abroad thy  
banners white:  
Lo! Our toil-worn city-dwellers rise rejoicing at the  
sight —  
Flash the fire of suns around us, blush through vapors  
splendor-lined,  
To our souls the bloom foreshadow of the Heaven they  
yet shall find.  
All that sets the quick brain dreaming, all that stirs  
the throbbing heart,  
All that proves our life supernal, in thy shining day  
hath part.  
O'er us shall its chambers glitter, like the Jewish temple  
old,  
Built with olive-tree and cedar, bright with lily-work  
and gold.  
Base and chapiter and border, graven palm and molten  
sea —  
With pomegranates for a promise of the wondrous  
fruit to be.

AMANDA T. JONES.

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## THE NURSERY OF ARTS

1868

I SING a lowly song, to-night,  
Of homely work and quiet ways;  
The paths that common men may tread;  
The life made up of common days.

More worthy that, from golden throats  
Of trumpets, should the music swell,  
Within this hallowed gallery  
Where Royalty is pleased to dwell.

## A R T I N B U F F A L O

Here, where soft lights and shadows play  
And noiseless streams forever glide  
And rocks, with tireless waves are lashed  
And ships are drifting with the tide.

Here, where ripe fruit, ungathered hangs  
And fields await the mower's sweep;  
Storm-creviced mountains, changeless stand,  
And stars their faithful vigils keep

Without the working world is still,  
The laborer rests his heavy hand,  
The children sleep, while angels watch,  
And darkness lulls the busy land.

Not only here sweet pictures smile;  
Along the wintry wayside, now  
They look from wreaths of evergreen,  
From curving drift and barren bough.

Where brooks are bound in silver chains,  
And forests shake their beards of snow;  
And woodman finds, in lonesome glen,  
The holly and the mistletoe.

The plowman, as he cleaves the turf,  
Is king of realms that round him lie  
Within the slender wedding ring  
That binds the earth and azure sky.

The harvester, in summer noons,  
Beneath a tent of trembling leaves  
May watch the languid, nodding grain,  
And caravans of loaded sheaves.

A R T I N B U F F A L O

Through quivering woodbine lattice-work,  
    Across the dairy window spun,  
The housewife, at the stirring dawn  
    May welcome in the rosy sun.

Beyond the winding village road,  
    She sees the pond where lilies sleep,  
The drooping alder's drifting sedge ;  
    The hills, where giant shadows creep.

The whirr of busy, hidden mill,  
    Comes blithely in through kitchen door,  
Where bustling feet, with deftness, thread  
    The mazes of the snowy floor.

The well, beside the farmhouse porch,  
    To downcast eyes a picture turns ;  
Reflecting in its crystal deeps  
    A frame of moss and lady-ferns.

At eventide, the wayfarer,  
    Speeding through dusk and sweeping storm,  
May stay his hurrying steps to look  
    Within some fireside's circle warm.

He sees, through parted drapery,  
    The shadows of lithe figures sway ;  
The toss of rippling golden hair,  
    Where knots of merry children play.

In smothered rows of crowded streets,  
    Where swarms of fallen mortals hide,  
Some flower may burst its prison gates,  
    And in a mouldering home abide.



ART IN BUFFALO

He, who must tread his toilsome round,  
    May carve his life in lines of grace;  
And, in the margin of his years,  
    Illuminated borders trace.

No faith, so shadowed, that the sun  
    May not within its boundary burn;  
No eyes so heavy, but may still  
    To lofty heights their vision turn.

Deep in the heart, like tender doves,  
    That bide their time with folded wings,  
So brood our hopes above the nests  
    Where lie the germs of better things.

Hints of diviner shapes than ours  
    Upon the passive canvas gleam;  
The Master's hand may only paint  
    A dim reflection of his dream.

The sweetest bells that ever yet  
    To charmed ears their music flung,  
Are but the echoes of the chime  
    Throughout celestial circles rung.

The fairest bow that ever hath  
    Broad, smiling plains of verdure spanned,  
Is, to our wistful captive gaze,  
    But token of the promised land.

Only the seeds of harvest hoards  
    Are scattered, broadcast, far and near;  
Yet in each narrow cell there sleeps  
    The fullness of the ripened ear.

## ART IN BUFFALO

As in clear pools serenely lie  
Reflected tints of blue and gold,  
So, in each glimpse of Beauty here  
We see the perfect life unfold.

MISS JULIA H. FORBES.

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## THE ARTIST'S DREAM

1870

IN this bright temple, where so oft before  
We've listened to the scholar's classic lore,  
Where poets have rehearsed the pleasant story,  
Born of their genius and the artist's glory,  
Once more we gather and our homage pay  
To the fair goddess of our festal day.  
Within these glowing walls, where skillful hands  
Have gathered memories of other lands;  
(Blessed lands which art and poetry enshrine  
And nature's fascinations make divine;)  
'Twould seem no words were needed to enhance  
The charms that follow every passing glance;  
There, modern art its rarest gift bestows;  
There, the great Titans of the past repose,  
In counterparts so vivid and so true,  
Another world seems opened to our view —  
A world where beauty reigns — the Sovereign  
Queen,  
Whom to be worshiped need only to be seen.  
Her throne the sacred shrine and tomb of art,  
Fair Italy, the Mecca of the heart;  
Where every nation its art-pilgrims send,  
In prayerful homage at her shrine to bend.

## ART IN BUFFALO

We may be pardoned, then, if lacking power  
To add one treasure to its sacred dower,  
We hush our voices, as on holy ground,  
And say: For art's true story, look around!  
Yet, would you wile the passing hour away,  
By listening to a rhymers' humble lay,  
We ask your patience for the simple theme  
That we have woven from an artist's dream.

MRS. S. F. MIXER.

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## ART, OUR MISTRESS

1871

To Art, our mistress, beautiful immortal,  
We keep our yearly festival to-night  
That all who enter at her temple's portal  
Do homage to her might.

Her peaceful victories extend through ages,  
She reigns accepted queen by right divine;  
The great ones of the earth, the kings and sages,  
Bow down before her shrine.

The savage groping blindly for the beauty  
He dimly feels, but cannot understand,  
And he who holds it for his dearest duty  
To serve his heart and hand.

For there she has such various compensation  
As best their varying service may requite,  
Although she is of many consolations  
And giver of delight.

## ART IN BUFFALO

For him who makes his sacrifice completest,  
Who leaves all also for her alone to live,  
She has a guerdon, rarest, finest, sweetest,  
Of all the world can give.

She lays upon his eyes the gift of seeing  
Into the very inmost heart of things,  
With subtle sympathies pervades his being  
And gives him spirit wings.

With her full many pleasant paths he traces,  
By wood and field and many a summer shore;  
With her he roams through solitary places,  
By man untrod before.

For him the light on purple mountains gleaming,  
The solemn splendor of the forest deep;  
For him the ice-fields lie a-dreaming  
In an enchanted sleep.

But not with Nature only will Art lead him,  
Lest Nature claims him for herself alone;  
With dreams of old-world's beauty she will feed him,  
In canvas wrought or stone.

Her's are the noblest means of ancient story,  
The painters, poets, sculptors of the past —  
Names circled with an aureola of glory,  
Through centuries to last.

Whenever man with earnest, pure endeavor  
Has sought to solve the mysteries of fate,  
There Art has stood beside him, pointing ever  
Towards the shining gate.

## A R T I N B U F F A L O

Ah! 'tis no region of imagination  
To which she looks with fixed and upward eye,  
But lighted with an inward revelation —  
The land of Paradise.

And he who follows closest to her leading  
Sees in the future lies his truest life,  
And tranquilly beholds this world receding,  
His toils and pain and strife.

Men say he dwells apart in the ideal,  
Feeding on dreams and vain imaginings,  
But what they call delusions and unreal  
Are his most real things.

Ah! well it is for our poor bare existence  
That there are clearer eyes and finer ears,  
To catch the glories of the purple distance,  
The music of the spheres.

For Art is of the race of the immortals,  
And in the dawn of life comes afar;  
She left her home beyond the radiant portals  
That since have stood ajar.

She left her home, a bright consoling angel,  
To gladden our sad world with her fair face;  
She brought mankind, new and sweet,  
A message full of grace.

And well that gentle message has been given,  
Well has she used each power to serve and bless,  
To make men worthier of their future heaven —  
Their future happiness.

## ART IN BUFFALO

Where music stirs the inmost depth of feeling,  
Where sculpture lifts her lovely form,  
And painting all her glorious hues revealing,  
Life-like and rich and warm.

Where poesy, with eager eye prophetic,  
Stands on the border land of sense and sight,  
And with strong yearning, passionate, prophetic,  
Looks outward through the night.

And well that to our duller sense translating  
The burden of the splendor and the song,  
They lift our souls, and send our hearts pulsating  
With feelings deep and strong.

The promise of a joy as yet ungiven,  
Bright with the tender radiance of the skies —  
A joy not to be realized until heaven  
Breaks on our raptured eyes.

Divinest Art, this is your gracious mission,  
Thou leadest us by ways we have not known,  
Until, upon the golden heights Elysian,  
We stand before God's throne.

ELLEN FERRIS.

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1872

TREAD lightly with unsandaled feet,  
The place is hallowed here,  
We come to consecrate our child  
In its decennial year.  
This hour hath breathings of its own,  
They come from every clime,  
Where stone or canvas had portrayed  
The tender or sublime.

## ART IN BUFFALO

Our Priestess-Art is standing here,  
With robes as pure and white  
As when we brought our artist child,  
Ten years ago to-night.  
Baptismal vows were uttered then,  
And sponsors gave the name,  
And from the altar of our hearts  
The fragrant incense came.

And now the Priestess gently smiles,  
"And through her lips of air,"  
She breathes them o'er and o'er again,  
Her blessing and her prayer.  
Her blessing on those hands,  
That, through the darkest hours,  
Wove garments for the trembling child,  
And crowned its brow with flowers.

A prayer that still their faith and hope  
Will keep them weaving on,  
Till it can stand in brodered hems,  
Its robe of triumph done ;  
Till it can yield to faithful hearts  
The joy they thus have given,  
By tinging every form of earth  
With softer views from heaven.

O! Mystic Art, in thee doth blend  
The earth-born and Divine,  
We know not whence, or what thy power,  
Yet worship at thy shrine.  
We clothe thee in a woman's form ;  
We crown thee with her name,  
And though the ages knew not why  
They called and knelt the same.

ART IN BUFFALO

But from Judea's vine-clad hills  
This heavenly answer stole:  
"From woman must be born the man,  
The Saviour of the soul."  
Prophetic thought had thus enshrined  
The Mary of our race;  
And moulded its divinest dreams  
In woman's form and face.

Then tread we with unsandaled feet,  
This time is holy now;  
For see the starry East grows bright,  
The herald angels bow,  
The Christmas-anthem for our world  
Is trembling in the air,  
O! may it steal in every soul  
And find an answer there.

And when at last Time's weary will  
Brought thee again to sight,  
Forth cam'st thou dancing, dancing still,  
Into the light —  
Unwearied from the mirk and dusk  
Of centuries of night.

Alas! for thee, alas! again,  
The early faith is gone —  
The gods no more are seen of men,  
All, all are gone;  
The shappy forests no more shield  
The satyr and the faun.

On Attic slopes the bee still hums,  
On many an Elian hill,  
The wild grape swells, but never comes



## ART IN BUFFALO

The distant trill  
Of reedy flutes, for Pan is dead,  
Broken his pipes and still.

Broken his pipes, his sweet notes dead,  
Save those that charm thine ear —  
And thine alone — his train is fled —  
His groves are drear —  
I speak to heedless ears — ah, well,  
I would not have thee hear!

MISS MATILDA H. STUART.

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## THE ARTIST

1872

ALL men it well beseems to honor  
His sacred hands, his hallowed head,  
Who pours for them the wine of beauty,  
And breaks for them her bread;

For he that from his pencil rolls  
A living wave of genius forth,  
Sets free the shackled heart of man  
And teaches it its worth.

And Freedom then is at her fullest  
When we on what is Fairest look —  
A little beam of Beauty's splendor  
Purges the foulest nook.

Ah, why is Nature, in our need,  
Niggard of those rich spirits grown,  
That peopled earth with heavenly shapes  
On canvas or in stone!

## A R T I N B U F F A L O

No more the Master's hand is seen  
In lofty aisle or sculptured hall;  
No more the Master's fire is breathed  
Upon the storied wall.

Unto an unbelieving race,  
The heavens lay not their glories bare;  
The haughty Muse looks worldly down  
And slights their feeble prayer.

Yet to the large and loyal soul  
She can be kind and gracious still;  
The heart that loves, the heart that dares,  
She grants it all it will.

He sees the sweet prints of her feet  
That leads to her immortal bowers;  
Her costly favors fall like rain,  
Shoot thick as summer flowers.

The magic flow of Beauty's curve  
No cheap dexterity can hit,  
And things of grandeur never stoop  
To grace a showman's wit.

O, artist, quit thy art a little,  
And get by heart the solemn rules  
That Nature writes for those who study  
In her eternal schools.

What cunning noose shall help to bind  
Graces that hover and are gone,  
The fleet sweet laughter of the eve,  
The meteor splendors of the dawn?

A R T I N B U F F A L O

How snare the immortal elf that rides  
Upon the dancing surge of Forms,  
That at his pleasures lays its crests  
Or scourges it with storms?

One net I know that taketh all,  
In earth below, in heaven above,  
Of softest thread, of heavenly wool —  
It is the net of Love.

Who hunts on Beauty's lightning trail  
Must have Love's pinions and Love's eyes;  
Nothing can dodge the god; he plucks  
His quarry from the topmost skies.

The artist brave shall from his heart  
The rags of worldly wisdom strip;  
High counselors he can command,  
And oracles that never trip.

When heavens are bare and minds are dumb,  
And worship breathes from pole to pole,  
Then comes the solemn bridal hour  
Of nature and the soul.

The morning stars shall with him talk;  
Beside the ocean's thundering rim,  
On meadowy plains, on mountain side,  
He learns a style that pleases him.

The shapes and colors of the sky,  
The daily lineaments of the earth,  
Shall soothe and medicine his eye,  
And feed his heart with mirth.

A R T I N B U F F A L O

And those proud shapes of Wise and Just  
That make their temple in his mind,  
Will teach his hand, till every stroke  
Shall touch the conscience of mankind.

God painted on his heart the lights  
And shadows of the mighty Whole;  
Be then the hues that load his brush  
The colors of his soul.

Meek organ of the All-Good, All-Fair,  
He listens far above his wit;  
Not his is what he paints and carves,  
He doth belong to it.

The dark soul of humanity  
Breaks into life and light through his,  
Beholds itself and knows itself  
How fair a thing it is.

Ah, ever dear to all men born  
The tints that brim with smiles or tears,  
Symbols wherein the Muse embalms  
Her loves, her hopes, her fears;

And dearer to the intellect  
The plainer artist's grand design,  
That shows the austerity of Thought  
Clothed in the naked line.

Yet lines and colors are but sparks  
Of that great splendor which shall be,  
Drops from the awful tides that flow  
Above us like a sea.

## ART IN BUFFALO

Yea, to the eyes that rightly look  
Is this vast round of stars and men  
But a sweet rhyme, a passing trope,  
Dropped from the Eternal Poet's pen.

PROF. WILLIAM B. WRIGHT.

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### FROM CONSECRATION TO CORONATION

1878

THERE was a youth who loved with perfect love  
That beautiful Art-spirit, whose high power  
Exalts the mortal near to the divine;  
He, nourishing a sweet ideal trust,  
That wavered not through lapse of many days,  
Had held it shrined within his deepest soul,  
And ever grasped serener aspiration;  
Till, wandering lonely in the silent midnight,  
His pale, calm face bathed by the lucid star-beams,  
Thus for his cherished yearning utterance found:—

“Hear Thou my prayer, O spirit of Art!  
Divinest one, I love thee well;  
O, from my heart let not depart  
The glory of thy sacred spell,  
And ne'er efface thy smile of grace,  
That doth me now so strongly quell;  
Ah, to reveal and render real,  
The scenes that in my soul-dreams dwell!

“For all thy strong inspiring charm  
Lures me to scale the lofty height;  
Nor would I calm the sweet alarm  
That leads me on with potent might,

## ART IN BUFFALO

But give to hope yet wider scope,  
And toil for thee with worthier right,  
Until I see thy majesty  
In realms of light beyond the night.

“Before thee now to consecrate,  
Mine utmost all behold I bring;  
Though wrathful fate may watch and wait,  
To pierce me with his poisoned sting,—  
O'er every ill my tireless will  
Toward the stars shall upward wing,  
Till thou accord a fit reward  
And bid the chimes of victory ring.”

So found his thought a fitting voice,  
And all seemed fair as waking morn;  
For such high choice might well rejoice  
The soul that ne'er had tasted scorn,  
And never scanned that cruel brand  
The priest of Art so oft hath worn,  
Since first the great Athenian's hand  
Portrayed the Titan, vulture-torn!

Strong in the sense of granted power,  
He paused not in his chosen quest,  
And hour by hour his cherished dower  
Seemed yet in sweeter splendor dressed;  
While onward far one guiding star  
He followed long with eager zest,  
And naught of doubt or fear could mar  
The steadfast hope that filled his breast.

In bright Italia's storied clime,—  
The throne of Art from days of old,  
Whose names sublime to latest time  
Shall her divinity uphold —

## A R T I N B U F F A L O

The spell was strong to charm him long  
Amid the memories manifold,  
Of Raphael's fame, and many a name  
Tinged with immortal rays of gold.

At last, brave soul, thy dream must fade,  
Before the stern, defiant real!  
And in the shade ye pause dismayed,  
Wounded and torn, with naught to heal.  
O cruel world, thy scorn was hurled  
Against his eloquent appeal;  
And friendship fled when round him spread  
The mist of poverty's ordeal!

Bereft of hope, he loved no less  
Celestial art to glorify;  
Through all distress her sweet caress  
Could dry the tear, and still the sigh;  
That loving care had quelled despair,  
Until he knew that rest was nigh,  
And tender faith made solemn death  
A guide to joys that never die.

The end was near; past earthly need,  
He spoke with slow and trembling breath;—  
"I thought indeed to gain the meed  
That seemed so near to youthful faith;  
Still am I thine, O Art divine!  
Thee still my spirit honoreth;  
Cold Poverty, I loved not thee,  
Nor asked I aught of thee, O Death!"

So, steadfast to his vow, the artist died,  
And all his toil seemed wasted and in vain.  
But high above the lofty realm of stars,  
I dreamed his soul had gained the larger life;

## ART IN BUFFALO

And countless shining hosts about him thronged,  
And one who seemed their master spoke and said :—  
“O brother, thou hast toiled upon the earth  
For what we deemed most beautiful and pure ;  
Therefore I crown ye to eternal joy.”

And then a grand triumphal anthem rose —  
A mighty blending of seraphic voices,—  
And the tired soul was soothed with rapturous peace.

O for strong faith to know and never doubt,  
That he who toils to beautify the world,  
And glorify the might of human thought,  
Shall surely gain a large, complete reward.

And though the world yield him but cold derision,  
And count as vain each lofty aspiration,  
Yet after-times shall see with clearer vision  
That he attained the meed of coronation.

ARTHUR W. AUSTIN.

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## A VILLAGE RAPHAEL

1882

A QUEER old studio, trim as though  
A Puritan maid had left it so !  
No travel-spoils of tunic and pearls  
Grace it with shapes of fair Roman girls.

No dancing zone of Indian bells  
The languid rhythm of brown feet tells,  
And no Persian lamp on silver chains  
Swings a perfumed spark as daylight wanes.



## ART IN BUFFALO

To the art of living dedicate,  
The artist's cupboard keeps homely state  
Hard by the easel, its household ware  
Bright with an un-Bohemian care.

When its shelves are bare a loaf will stray  
From Betty's oven over the way,—  
Old Betty, who finds her simple good  
In thoughts of him, as in maidenhood.

Eating the bread that the raven brings,  
We dream of what the nightingale sings:  
As he breaks the loaf, the artist's grace  
Is debtor far more to the glowing face.

Whose mirthful eyes and half-tender smile  
From Sully's canvas he stole erewhile.  
For many a year the lonely room  
Has borrowed spring from its changeless bloom.

Smile not, my masters of palette and brush,—  
Cold though his canvas, a boyish flush  
Glow in the wrinkles of sixty years,  
Old Dobbin's whinny is in his ears;

Once more the plough in its furrow stands,  
Sulkily held by small sun-burned hands;  
The twinkling leaves of the popple there  
Twirl on their stems in the quiet air.

And dreaming in light half green, half gold,  
The slender beeches their secret hold;  
But the atmosphere of that early morn  
Is only in that old heart re-born:

## ART IN BUFFALO

The red of the clover, not its flush,  
The green of the forest, not its hush,  
His canvas shows, and those solid skies  
Were never the way to Paradise.

Ah! well,— that worship so clear of blame,  
Self-fed and pure as a Vestal flame,  
Will one day cease, like a lonely spark  
That slips unnoted into the dark.

The pitiless Beauty of the earth  
Will smile as once it smiled on its birth;  
For the ebbing life no shade will fall  
O'er the heedless Beauty on the wall.

Yet their lover's soul, not all unblest,  
Shall pass from its futile dreams to rest,  
His fading eyes, as to holy rood,  
Will turn to that shade of womanhood.

The fair young hands from their careless calm  
Will seem to stir, and a living palm  
On the failing pulse its warmth will place,  
And touch like a rose-leaf the worn face.

The blind, poor Betty, will not divine  
That the tender palm is only thine,  
Roughened by toil, yet with rose-leaf touch—  
So light is the hand that loveth much.

ANNIE ANNAN.

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## THE DANCING FAUN

1887

THOU dancer of two thousand years,  
Thou dancer of to-day,  
What silent music fills thine ears,  
What Bacchic lay,

A R T I N B U F F A L O

That thou should'st dance the centuries  
Down their forgotten way?

What mystic strain of pagan mirth  
Has charmed eternally  
Those lithe, strong limbs that spurn the earth?  
What melody  
Unheard of men has Father Pan  
Left lingering with thee?

And where is now the wanton throng  
That round thee used to meet?  
On dead lips died the drinking song,  
But wild and sweet  
That silent music urged thee on  
To its unuttered beat.

And when at last Time's weary will  
Brought thee again to sight,  
Forth cam'st thou dancing, dancing still,  
Into the light —  
Unwearied from the mirk and dusk  
Of centuries of night.

Alas! for thee, alas! again,  
The early faith is gone —  
The gods no more are seen of men,  
All, all are gone;  
The shabby forests no more shield  
The satyr and the faun.

On Attic slopes the bee still hums,  
On many an Elian hill,  
The wild grape swells, but never comes  
The distant trill  
Of reedy flutes, for Pan is dead,  
Broken his pipes and still.

ART IN BUFFALO

Broken his pipes, his sweet notes dead,

Save those that charm thine ear —

And thine alone — his train is fled —

His groves are drear —

I speak to heedless ears — ah, well,

I would not have thee hear!

ROBERT CAMERON ROGERS.













